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THE

Rotarian

JANUARY

GEORGE E. VINCENT

The Larger
Selfishness

CHANNING POLLOCK

Has Business
Lost Interest?

Jas. TRUSLOW ADAMS

Why Historians
Get Headaches

PICTURES-

- Rotary Makes
Television History
- Brazil Is Big!
- Tootin' for Fun!

Compahl Color Photograph by FRANK LEWIS

1940



"Business Depression" by Dr. Leland C. Davis, Westfield, N. J., awarded third prize in the human-interest class in a past contest.

RULES TO REMEMBER

THE COMPETITION is limited to Rotarians and their families (wives, and sons or daughters under 21 years of age). Employees of Rotary International are not eligible.

Contestants may submit as many prints and transparencies as they wish.

Each entry should plainly indicate: title, class entered, kind of camera and film used, and the name and address of the contestant. (If entrant is not a Rotarian, state relationship and the name of the Rotary Club of which the relative is a member.)

Entrants desiring to have their photos returned should accompany them with sufficient return postage. Prize-winning prints and transparencies will become the property of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, and may be used for reproduction whenever desired.

All possible care will be exercised in handling photos, but no responsibility will be assumed by THE ROTARIAN Magazine for loss or damage to prints or transparencies submitted.

Decisions of the judges, whose names will be announced later, will be final.

In case of a tie for one position, those tying will share evenly the prize for that position and the next following position.

Entries must be received by THE ROTARIAN not later than September 15, 1940. An extension to October 5, 1940, will be allowed to contestants from outside the United States and Canada.

Address all communications, entries, etc., to: Contest Editor, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

Announcing:

THE ROTARIAN'S 1940 Photo Contest \$400 IN CASH—30 PRIZES

IT'S TIME for another ROTARIAN photo competition. And Rotary's magazine has set aside \$400 in cash awards for amateur camera enthusiasts in the ranks of Rotary. If you're interested, then you'll want to read on—and plan to get your camera into action. Be sure to read the rules (left) carefully, so that you will understand the conditions of the competition.

In view of the wide interest in past photo contests sponsored by THE ROTARIAN, and the developments in color photography, it has been decided to divide the 1940 contest into *three classes*: (1) scenic black and white, (2) human-interest black and white, and (3) a general competition for transparencies or prints in full color. It makes no difference as to size of the print or transparency. The simplest or smallest photo may be the winner.

The prizes will be divided into three groups: (1) Scenic black and white prints: first prize, \$50; second prize, \$30; third prize, \$20; ten honorable-mention prizes of \$5 each—total \$150. (2) Human-interest black and white: each of the above prizes will be duplicated—total, \$150. (3) Transparencies or prints in full color: first prize, \$50; second, \$30; and two honorable-mention prizes of \$10 each—total \$100. Grand total of all thirty prizes is \$400—enough to make any photographer's fingers twitch.

Plan now to enter this friendly competition for Rotarians and their families!

as.

A Money-Making Opportunity for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR AN INVENTION EXPECTED TO REPLACE A MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY

Costly Work Formerly "Sent Out" by Business Men Now Done by Themselves at a Fraction of the Expense

This is a call for men everywhere to handle exclusive agency for one of the most unique business inventions of the day.

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the phonograph industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the phonograph into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

Not a "Gadget"— Not a "Knick-Knack"—

but a valuable, proved device which has been sold successfully by business novices as well as seasoned veterans.

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

Some of the Savings You Can Show

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

Profits Typical of the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A Connecticut man writes he has made \$55.00 in a single day's time. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

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Photo: Acme

Scientist Compton at work.

Arthur H. Compton . . .

Either people will learn to live together or civilization will perish from the face of the earth. This is the opinion of Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Nobel Prize winner and distinguished physicist. You'll want to read his absorbing statement of science and humanity in your February issue.

Paul P. Harris . . .

On the eve of Observance Week, a feature of Rotary's 35th anniversary, Founder and President Emeritus Paul P. Harris meditates on the place of Rotary in these critical times. His views are significant and of vital interest to all men of goodwill.

Walter B. Pitkin . . .

Some men are born lonely. Some achieve loneliness. And some have loneliness thrust upon them. Whether or not you classify in any of these groups, you'll receive big dividends from Walter B. Pitkin's article on getting acquainted—in your next ROTARIAN.

William Lyon Phelps . . .

For the puzzled and busy reader who has difficulty in sorting the wheat from the chaff among the hundreds of new books, William Lyon Phelps, distinguished author and literary critic and regular contributor to these columns, selects books of 1939 he most enjoyed. They'll be presented—

In Your February ROTARIAN

Talking It Over

Comment on
Rotarian Articles
by
Rotarian Readers

' . . . I Volunteer'

Says CHANNING POLLOCK, Author
New York, New York

When I wrote *The Art of Being Kind* for THE ROTARIAN [December, 1935], apparently I sent it to the wrong magazine. A recent experience persuades me that Rotarians need no instruction in that art.

A year ago, en route from Buffalo, New York, to Kane, Pennsylvania, I stopped four hours at a junction called Emporium. A chance acquaintance aboard the train had his car waiting at the station, and offered to drive me to the hotel. Lunching there, I noticed a group of Rotarians beginning their weekly meal together, but didn't introduce myself.

Half an hour before train time, I paid my hotel bill, and asked for a taxi. "There isn't a cab in this town," the proprietress said. Was there a garage at which I could hire a car? No. "How can I get to the station?" I plead, but the woman didn't know, and, apparently, didn't care. "How do your other customers make their trains?" I inquired, and the woman answered, "You're the first that's come or gone by train in two years. The salesmen drive their own cars."

My half hour had been reduced to 15 minutes. The station was more than a mile away, snow covered the ground, and I had two heavy bags. It began to seem certain that I should lose my lecture in Kane. The woman's husband suggested that the town policeman might convey me in his car, and set off the burglar alarm to summon him, but the town policeman didn't arrive.

In desperation, I recalled the Rotary luncheon. There were nine men still at



the table when I barged in. "I'm sorry to interrupt," I said, "but I've ten minutes to make a train, and I can't get a cab or a car. I'm not a Rotarian, but I've spoken often before Rotary Clubs, and I've written for THE ROTARIAN. Anyway, you're my last chance. Will one of you fellows drive me to the railway station?"

Everybody present—as one man—said he would, and it took a minute's argument to keep everybody from doing it. I lectured that night on schedule. This is a belated acknowledgment. I'm not

too fond of Emporium, Pennsylvania, but if I'm ever near there again, and that Rotary Club wants a free speaker, I volunteer.

In Hard Times, Make a Job!

Urges M. WEILL, Rotarian
Classification: Jewelry
Hoboken, New Jersey

I have for years been preaching the same doctrine as expressed in *Think Your Way to a Job* [October ROTARIAN] to young men who have come to me looking for jobs, and who complained during depression years that they were unable to find anything. My theory has always been that especially in those times is it necessary for the individuals to create jobs for themselves. Maxine Davis' article covers the ground very effectively.

Billy's Bumble

Caught by C. LANA SARRATE
Field Representative, R. I.
Buenos Aires, Argentina

William Lyon Phelps, in his ever-interesting *May I Suggest*—in the October ROTARIAN, says, "New York and Peru are on about the same parallel of longitude." Permit me, as a traveller and an engineer, to point out his error: longitude is given in meridians, and meridians are not parallels, but are convergent at both poles.

'Billy' Remembers

Notes ELIZABETH COOPER
Sarasota, Florida

Thank you for calling my attention to Dr. William Lyon Phelps' remark about my husband's book, *The Brazilians and Their Country* [October ROTARIAN].

Mr. Cooper died in 1936. He and Dr. Phelps were good friends, and I should also thank Dr. Phelps for remembering my husband and his work. Mr. Cooper was an enthusiastic Rotarian, was President of the Miami Club at one time, and we went to Ostend to an international Convention. I would like immensely to go to Rio, as we lived there several months, and I think it one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Brazil is, I believe, the coming country—as one of your articles says in the October issue about South America: "It has everything."

Austrian Rotary Stamps Now \$12

Reports WM. S. BRANCH
Secretary, Rotary Club
Orlando, Florida

Many hundreds of stamp hobbyists will thank you for the article *By-Paths of Stamp Collecting*, in the November ROTARIAN. I have tried to guess whether James McQueeney, the author, is a collector. He does not use philatelic terms, and I cannot imagine a real collector

He is always saying apologetically:



"I just can't find any time to read books!"

Yet... IF HE SPENT (ON AN AVERAGE) ONLY 30 MINUTES A DAY—BEFORE BEDTIME, OR WHILE TRAVELLING TO OR FROM WORK, OR IN OTHER LEISURE MOMENTS—HE COULD EASILY READ EVERY BEST-SELLER DURING THE YEAR, AND A GREAT DEAL MORE!

EVEN if you read slowly, an average of only half an hour a day would have enabled you to read, within the past three months, every one of the following widely-discussed new books:

ESCAPE *by Ethel Vance*

THE GRAPES OF WRATH *by John Steinbeck*

THE YEARLING *by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*

BLACK NARCISSUS *by Rumer Godden*

THE NAZARENE *by Sholem Asch*

INSIDE ASIA *by John Gunther*

NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD *by Vincent Sheean*

DAYS OF OUR YEARS *by Pierre van Paassen*

COUNTRY LAWYER *by Bellamy Partridge*

—or any other new books you may have been particularly anxious to read. Instead, if you are the average person, you have probably been confessing to friends that you could "never get around to reading books."

Over 250,000 book-reading families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club by far the most effectual way to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

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In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway. They are always high on national best-seller lists. For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.

So many of the Club's members ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print other fine library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among the Club's members—one for every two books-of-the-month you buy. For every \$1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive about 75¢ back in the form of free books, figured at retail value.

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talking of "tasty glue" back of a stamp, when stamps are, or should be, mounted with special hinges made for the purpose. It is possible that Mr. Bircsak uses dissolved rubber cement.

No one except those experienced in such fields can realize the immense amount of care and technical knowledge necessary in preparing such a sheet as the larger one you have illustrated on page 48. It is really a remarkable piece of work, the result of dozens of hours of planning and the most meticulous artistry....

Mr. McQueeney mentions the Austrian Rotary set. One was secured for me in 1936 at a cost of \$2. Sets now sell for \$12, and are very scarce.

The Back-Scratching Plague

By DAVID GRAHAM, *Rotarian*
Classification: Protestantism
Centerville, South Dakota

"I trade with the man who trades with me" is the opening sentence of *Jenkins Gives Back*, by John T. Bartlett [November ROTARIAN]. The article is not quite so selfish as this sounds, but as long as American business clings to the inadequate ethics of the "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" school, there will be work for idealistic men and institutions. This whole realm of economics should be explored thoroughly and the fallacy of the slogans "Buy British" or "Be American, Buy American" exposed. If every Britisher and every American took that advice, we would quickly find ourselves in serious trouble. The fact of the matter is we need the man who will *not* trade with us and we need each other although a whole Pacific Ocean rolls between.

Endorsement for Union Now

From IRA C. JONES
Medford, Oregon

In the November issue of THE ROTARIAN in a letter to the editor [Our Readers' Open Forum] I presumed to amend Clarence K. Streit's plan of "Union Now," not fully grasping its entire plan. Since then I have read his book, *Union Now*, and I heartily endorse the plan, believing it the only hope in sight to banish war forever.

In the interests of Rotary's Fourth Object, I would like to see Mr. Streit's book carefully reviewed and discussed in every Rotary Club on earth, as well as other service clubs. Who can tell what the results might be?

'Spirit of Kindness Lives'

Believes FRANK E. MOSSMAN, *Rotarian*
Classification: Education—Colleges
Winfield, Kansas

Lea Gray in her *Confession of a Crutch Toter* [November ROTARIAN] says, "Traffic policemen... go out of their way to be considerate of me." At the intersection of two busy streets I witnessed not long ago an instance of kindness which gladdened my heart.

It was a cold Winter day. A girl of 21, a social worker, stood waiting for a break in traffic to enable her to cross the slippery street. Each time she attempted to cross, she was forced back.

Lameness in one foot made her doubly careful. Tears trickled down her cheeks. In her work she had faced human poverty, had stood in court to plead the rights of childhood, did not hesitate to face difficulties of almost any type, but she was human, and felt the loneliness of being alone on a crowded street.

Suddenly a hand was placed on her shoulder. Looking up she saw a burly policeman.

"Lady, would you like to cross?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, "but I'm lame, and the street's slippery."

He blew his whistle, traffic halted. The policeman stooped: "Here, take hold of the saddle." He put his arm around her and carried her to the other side of the street. She looked up to thank him, but already he had moved on.

The spirit of kindness, I decided, lives in the world. The spirit of Rotary is in the breast of humanity. While the cold blasts of poverty and disease and heartache are abroad in the earth, there are those who care.

'Sydney Smith Not Erratic'

Says L. B. DUFF, *Hon. Rotarian*
Pres., *Niagara Finance Co., Ltd.*
Welland, Ontario, Canada

There is only one word in the November issue that I would have changed. It is in *Making Your Words Count*, by Charles M. Sheldon. "The erratic London preacher," says Dr. Sheldon when referring to Sydney Smith. In my view "erratic" is the very last word to be used in describing the canon of St. Paul's, the "smith of smiths" as Macaulay called him. If there was ever a man thoroughly healthy in mind and body, it was Sydney Smith. Ruskin leaned on his lectures on moral philosophy; G. W. E. Russell praised the man for his literary gifts; Stuart Reid for his public spirit; Osbert Burdette for having made the most out of life, his own life. "His qualities were typical and normal," says Burdette. There was nothing erratic in his steadfast course of supporting what was good and attacking what was evil. He was often on the wrong side so far as his class was concerned, so far as his interest lay, but time has given him a fine vindication in making his wrong sides into right sides. He fought for Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform at a time when such advocacy was a crime midway between heresy and treason.



Sydney Smith

The solitary word does not deduct from my appreciation of an entertaining, helpful, and well-written article.

More Crime Articles

Asks L. L. LAYTON, JR., *Rotarian*
Classification: Groceries Distrib'g
Dover, Delaware

In the December issue of THE ROTARIAN, *But—Crime Does Pay!* makes the reader pause for reflection. If this did nothing else but [Continued on page 55]

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This month's cover, *Oompah!*, is a color photograph by FRANK LEWIS, of Chicago, a pioneer and an authority in this new and speedily developing field of camera art.

THE ROTARIAN Magazine is indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*.



Photo: A. Tennyson Beals

JOHN SLOAN (above) has been painting America—as he sees it—for 50 years. So familiar is his work to gallery-goers that, it has been charged, they take him too much for granted; he has few peers among contemporary artists of the United States. Magazine illustration was his *forte* back when Rotary was born, but this (see pages 8 et seq.) is his first in many years.

Eye conditioning has come to THE ROTARIAN. Its new body type, experts say, is the acme of legibility.

If you'd learn more about your new magazine, turn to page 35.

CHANNING POLLOCK's favorite introduction came from a clubwoman who, awed by her assignment, faltered, "Ladies, it is now my pleasure to present that famous dramatic critter." Her tongue evidently skidded on "critic and writer." But the celebrated author and playwright (of *The Fool*, *The Enemy*, et cetera) needs no introduction to ROTARIAN readers. This month he writes on business. What a playwright knows of that, the reader may judge. . . . C. HARALD TROLLE is a Swedish banker and a Rotary Past District Governor . . . Lightning-speed lecturer GEORGE E. VINCENT is a former president of the University of Minnesota.

Vincent Trolle Pollock



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THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE

LELAND D. CASE, Editor
PAUL TEETOR, Managing Editor
HARVEY C. KENDALL, Business and Advertising Manager

Offices: 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. Eastern Advertising Office: 420 Lexington Avenue, New York. Cable Address: Interotary, Chicago, U.S.A.



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A TREE IN JANUARY

By Isla Paschal Richardson

She crouches, arms outstretched, a suppliant,
Whose bony fingers, shivering with cold,
Creak as they beat against the ruthless wind
In helpless protest, quivering and old.

Then quietly one night soft, silent flakes
Clothe her in glistening white . . . she stands serene,
And suddenly transformed, draws close her cloak
Of regal ermine, stately as a queen.

The World War and Rotary

By C. Harald Trolle

Banker; Past District Governor;
Rotary Club of Kalmar, Sweden

A European view which sees the conflict as a test of the movement's mettle and as a cry for larger effort.

A FEW short years ago when the world stood before the same kind of crisis as it now faces, the Finnish poet Arvid Mörne asked:

*Have we who so wasted the gift of life
With all the noise of drums and show
of flags
Fulfilled a higher purpose in our world
Than the blades of grass upon our
grave?*

Today when almost everything seems doomed to ruin, each of us is asking that question. Dejection and despair fill the heart of many a true Rotarian as he ponders the plight of the world. As a movement we have been endeavoring to promote goodwill and peace among men; how helpless, then, do we feel when we see the ideal toward which we have at least tried to steer our course being trampled by heavy soldier boots. And a voice in our hearts clamors: "Must it be so—must men go on trying to settle questions by fire and sword?"

If so, what good to work for ideal goals? Can Rotary itself do anything of enduring good if, when an emergency arises, it does not speak out—if, because of manifold considerations, it makes no expression of its desire for peace?

What are the answers to these questions? I must admit that the first conclusion which I reached was a bitter one: that Rotary could do nothing, that its work was of no practical value, that no one in the world, no statesman, would pay the slightest heed to our pleas or resolutions which should die unheard as did those voiced by many of the potentates of the world.

With the fact of our limitations before us, we must begin to think of what our organization is good for. Shall it become merely a society of gentlemen who seek only each other's company and no higher goal? We are obliged to confess that even now we have many more members of Rotary Clubs than we have Rotarians—

that many of the former know little of the real meaning of being a Rotarian, of the Rotary principle.

It is certain that war will throw Rotary into a critical test and that the result will show whether Rotary is worth while. It will show that the power of Rotary is dependent upon the individual Rotarian, upon what he says and does, upon the earnestness with which he practices the Rotary ideal. Perhaps something is lacking here.

Often I have had to face the critical question: "What is Rotary really doing?" And oftener, "Why doesn't Rotary do something?" To any Rotarian who poses these questions, I like to respond with two other questions: "What have you done as a Rotarian?" and "What have you done in any capacity?" We know that no movement can do anything worth while if its members or the majority of them take an agreeable but ineffectual *dolce far niente* attitude. This we should keep in mind: Rotary does not exist for itself. We are not Rotarians for Rotary's sake. We are Rotarians because we adopt as our own the ideal of Rotary.

Rotary's belief that a worldwide fellowship can induce men to *strike out* the word "hate" in their vocabularies and *underline* the word "understanding" is a grand concept, but achieving it requires time. It cannot be done in a year, not in a decade, not in a generation. But shall we lose all hope because of that? *Despite everything*, the world is going forward, even if slowly. Let us then, *despite everything*, carry on the battle which must be fought if our descendants are to reap the higher satisfactions from the ground we

have tried so diligently to break.

Do no stars twinkle in the dark night which now lies over the world? I think I have found one, weak though its luster. It is this: hate today is not so terrible as it was 25 years ago. I recall with shudders the personal experiences of an envoy with whom I was then acquainted. I remember also that in the "foreign" city in which I was then living an embassy was sacked, its art treasures burned in the street as the mob swirled around in an intoxicated, rancorous dance. Two members of the embassy staff were murdered, their innocence notwithstanding. So far as I am aware, nothing of that kind has happened in this war, and it seems that no *people* has any real, deep-seated quarrel with any other.

Peace will eventually follow the war which has now begun. Let us make it an enduring peace for the whole world. Peace will bring an opportunity for good Rotary work. Rotarians everywhere will be able to make valuable contributions.

Some years ago I met two friends from the Far East, one a Chinese, the other a Japanese. We talked of East and West, of humanity, of Rotary, of almost everything. When the motto "He profits most who serves best" came into our discussion, my Chinese friend quoted an ancient saying of his country: "Sekizen no iyeniwa Yokei ari," which, he said, means "Virtue brings its own reward." And our Japanese friend spoke up with a motto from his fatherland: "Nasake wa hito no tanenarazu"—"He who does charitable work, stores up happiness for himself." All this, we agreed, is of the essence of Rotary. In action, it is Rotary itself.

Our Guest Editorial of the Month



The Larger Selfishness

by George E. Vincent

Illustrations by John Sloan

MANY, many years ago, aeons before the first Rotary Club was established in Chicago, millenniums before Rotary popularized the slogans "He profits most who serves best" and "Service above self," I was a high-school student in Plainfield, New Jersey. There, one day, in an essay by Jeremy Bentham, I encountered this extraordinary statement:

"Selfishness is the sole motive of human conduct."

I rubbed my eyes. I read the sentence again: "Selfishness is the sole motive of human conduct."

I had been properly brought up. I had been sent to Sunday school. I had been told there were such things in the world as self-sacrifice and unselfishness. And now in a class in English literature a teacher had assigned to me an essay by an old Englishman who cynically said, "Selfishness is the sole motive of human conduct."

I was scandalized. Then I began to reflect. And I began to analyze the conduct of other people—and I saw at once that they were actuated by selfish motives. It was a great discovery. And when a young man of 15 makes a great discovery, a big, important discovery, a discovery that turns his world, in a sense, upside down, he can't keep it to himself.

The young women were alarmed. Nothing so delights a young man as to have young women concerned about his intellectual and moral welfare. They begged me, metaphorically, to recant before it was too late. They came to me almost with tears in their eyes. How I enjoyed it!

I was, they believed, a dangerous character. They did every-

thing they could to convince me of my error. I said, "Bring in concrete illustrations. We won't think in these abstract terms." (That is not exactly the language I used at 15, but I give you some impression of what I meant to say.)

The first illustration they brought me was that of a man who gets up in a streetcar, gives his seat to a woman, then stands on the back platform. This was, as I have said, a long time ago.

I was able to explain perfectly. I pointed out that it is just as hard to break a good habit as it is to break a bad habit; that when you have been brought up to stand in the presence of a standing woman, your muscles lift you out of your seat. You would be utterly unhappy if you were to resist this tendency. Of course, there is a way around it. You can get the newspaper high enough so that it shuts off the picture of the dangling woman, and then your nervous system is not the subject of this automatic response. However, sooner or later you are bound to look over the paper and see the dangling woman and get up to go out on the back platform.

Because you are unselfish? No. Because you are less unhappy standing on the back platform than you are sitting in the presence of the standing woman. Selfishness is the sole motive of human conduct!

How about a mother and her child? A mother is sacrificing herself constantly for her child, doing something for it, looking after it, showing it to the neighbors. What could be a more beautiful illustration of self-sacrifice?

Well, I knew all about mothers

in those days. I pointed out that a mother is so constituted biologically and psychologically that she is happy only when she is with her offspring, when she is doing something with it, when she is busying herself with it, when she is in its presence. If it is away from her for a moment, she is positively unhappy. So I was able to explain that what seems to be the sacrifice of the mother is, really, calculating selfishness. Selfishness is the sole motive of human conduct.

They brought me another illustration, the young girl who wants to be a missionary in a foreign land. I knew all about young girls then. I pointed out that a young girl is romantic and imaginative. When her mind is filled with a picture of herself sitting under a coconut palm, with dusky savages all about her, what are home, friends, and native land compared with the joy and satisfaction of realizing that dream?

They brought me a very hard case of a man who in the Civil War enlisted and went to the front for the sake of his country. It was rather difficult, but I had read some untrustworthy statistics which pointed out that a very large number of married men had gone into the army presumably to escape from domestic conflicts at home. Of course, this was a perfectly scandalous and unwarranted sort of authority, but when you are in a bad way, you reach for anything. And so I was able to point out that here was a selfish motive which was not to be confused with patriotism.

So I argued. But at long last it dawned even upon me that I was becoming a calamity to my classmates. I saw from their expressions, which soon assumed the look of a wooden cigar-store Indian, that I was boring them. In fact, they went out of their way when they saw me coming.

I could explain this, too. It was their own selfishness, their unwillingness to listen when they knew what a pleasure it was for me to talk. It was simply another illustration: selfishness is the sole motive of human conduct.

"The young women were alarmed. They begged me, metaphorically, to recant."

In my senior year in college, this preparation stood me in good stead, because with the dear old president of Yale we had a course which was called in those distant and early days a course in moral philosophy. We now call it ethics. It is much the same thing. It deals with principles of human conduct with very little relation to daily life.

In this course in moral behavior the subject of selfishness and unselfishness was bound to come up, and it was my great opportunity. It did. I talked at great length—with much satisfaction to myself—and my classmates professed interest. They would slap me on the back and say, "Go ahead, Vincent, we didn't think you had it in you. Keep it up. We like to hear you talk." For a moment I was deceived. I thought that really I was coming into my own;

that after three years of comparative obscurity my merits and virtues were to be recognized.

Then, alas, that habit of analysis which had fixed itself upon me carried on the reflection a little further. I realized that those rascals were urging me to talk so that the danger of their being called on to recite would be reduced to a minimum. Selfishness, I saw again, is the sole motive of human conduct.

At last dear old President Porter reached the saturation point. He said, "Vincent, I am afraid that we shall not be able to devote any more time to this discussion in class, but if you would like to visit me in my study, perhaps we could pursue the subject a little further."

I was greatly flattered. I turned up early in his study. It was quite obvious that he had forgotten who



I was and what I was there for. I had to explain. Then a benevolent smile came over his face and he said, "Sit down, sit down." And then, "Well, now, Vincent, look at it in this way: There is just a possibility, you know, that the fact that I am willing to spend time and effort—when possibly it is hardly worth while—in proving to you that there is such a thing in the world as unselfishness may be a manifestation of that quality of unselfishness. Does that appeal to you at all?"

"President Porter," I said, "I hope you won't think that I am impertinent, but it seems to me the fact that you are willing to spend time and effort to prove a principle in which you are so much interested is just another illustration that selfishness is the sole motive of human conduct."

And the old gentleman metaphorically said, "Shoo," which is about all that could be said under the circumstances.

You wonder how even as a callow youth I could have been so deceived by the jugglery of words. You wonder why I did not see that attributing the widest range of conduct from the noblest, perhaps, to the most contemptible, attributing all that to one motive, represented a stupidity and confusion of ideas of which even a boy of 15 ought not be guilty.

IN reality, the whole point lies here: what do we mean by "selfish"? When we talk about selfishness and unselfishness, it depends on what we mean by "self." What kind of a vivid picture can we get for this idea of the self? The one that has been most useful to me is this: a series of concentric circles. Those concentric rings which you find when you cut down through the trunk of a tree record the number of years of growth. So we could cut down through the self and have concentric circles which give a vivid picture of what we mean by that entity we call the self.

In the center is the biological nucleus of physical appetites and associated with them are psychic energies of various kinds. That little center, biological and psychic, is a self. Everyone has a self like that. The tragedy comes



"Well, I can't say it makes me sick."

when that self fails to grow and you have a sensualist, a glutton, a man who limits himself to this biological nucleus. Fortunately there are few tragic souls whose self stops growth there; most selves grow, and soon comes another circle. In it are all kinds of material things, for material things are a very real part of the self.

Of course, men are not interested in clothes particularly. We regard them as a convenient covering and protection for the body. But a friend comes up to you and says, "My dear sir, won't you give me the name of your tailor? That is a particularly handsome suit you have, and it fits you so perfectly that I should like to know where such clothes are to be had." Now, no matter how modest you are, you can't help expanding just a little to fill the suit out to perfection. Yes, it is a part of you. It represents your taste.

The same thing applies to houses and furniture. When you are living in a rented furnished apartment, you know what a detached view you take of your surroundings. When visitors come and look around a little bit, you join them in speaking of the somewhat dubious taste of the people who prepared this thing. The classic example is the small boy who went to a neighbor's house, rang the bell, and asked if he could

come in and see the new rug. He looked at it, became introspective, and finally said, "Well, I can't say it makes me sick."

In 1929 and for years which followed there were many transformations of personality because of things. Many people had been upholstered with stocks and bonds. When these stocks and bonds began to weaken and to disappear, what tragic persons were left, because their selves were hardly more than those material things. But how you admired men and women in those days who carried themselves gallantly! Many, in spite of losses, bore themselves with courage, and proved conclusively that while material things are a very important part of the self, a self can rise above them.

Yes, material things are a very real part of the self. It is quite impossible to develop a rounded and rich personality without the aid of material things. Yet when these material things become the end and all, when the self goes no further than the clutching for these material things, then we have tragedy. It is the tragedy of the miser, the tragedy of the one who mistakes means for ends, the tragedy of one who has no thought of transmuting material things into life's finer values.

The people about us make the next ring in our personalities. We start with the family. What is more beautiful than the intimacy and the unity of family life? It is no metaphor to say that these dear ones are so closely and intimately a part of us that we feel them a real and essential element in our own personalities. When anything happens to them, when they suffer illness or misfortune, then we suffer. When they rejoice, we rejoice.

But the circle that is your social self has just as many elements as there are human groups of which you feel yourself genuinely a member. Your club, your church, your alma mater—these, too, enter into the composition of this self. We all know the joy and satisfaction of social groups, of identifying ourselves with them, feeling our sense of self go out to include them.

Consider geographical groups,

also. I have a mixed geographical sense that gets me in strained emotional situations. I was born in Illinois. I was brought up in New Jersey. Then I lived for 18 years in Chicago and six years in Minneapolis, and now in New York and vicinity for 20. It makes a very mixed set of loyalties.

Sometimes when I am in Chicago, people say disrespectful things about New York not really belonging to the United States, and I find my New York sense of self bristling a little, my loyalty to that great metropolis and its surrounding country resenting a little the implication that it is not thoroughly good American ground.

And then sometimes when I am in New York, some of my friends, some of whom have not crossed the Hudson River (now that they can fly, of course, they go to California without stopping anywhere), say disrespectful things about Chicago and the Middle West. Then I find my Chicago loyalty coming to the surface.

Then, of course, there is the sense of the country where one belongs and in connection with that there is what is called a consciousness of patriotism. And there are a few rare souls whose sense of self goes out beyond national boundaries, who think of their fellows in other countries, who imagine something that is called all mankind. In these days of suspicion, in these days of ill will, in these days when hatred and prejudice seem to play so large a part, it is well for us that we do our best to remember that in every country all around the world there are people like us who want peace, people like us who want to live on good terms one with another, and not be swept

away by the conviction that all good qualities of human nature are going down in disaster.

These are days when the dangers of prejudice, the dangers of intolerance, the dangers of group antagonisms of various kinds, have to be overcome. And how can they be overcome?

Not by great movements of propaganda. It can be only as you and I day by day in our lives refuse to limit our interests, our loyalties, to narrow groups with which we may be intimately associated. No. We must struggle day by day to look at life through the eyes of other people.

IF there is anything that depresses me, fills me with sadness, it is in these days to sit at some richly laden table where people are living luxuriously, and then to hear them talk contemptuously of the unemployed. When I see the WPA workers on the roads, I have no disposition to ridicule them or make cheap jokes at their expense. I can't help wondering what *might* have happened to me and *might* happen to my children, because I know of things that have happened to people who had just as much right to privileges as I.

No, these are days in which we must do all in our power to stimulate our imaginations to realize the common life of our fellows, to realize, if you please, how fortunate we may have been individually. Instead of letting that make us arrogant and drawing ourselves into exclusive groups, it should send us out with wider sympathy and with wider comradeship into

ever-wider reaches of human life.

I believe, as I believed when I was a schoolboy, that selfishness is the sole motive of human conduct, but it makes all the difference in the world what kind of self one has—whether one has a contemptible, pathetic little self of physical appetites and gratifications, or a large, generous, and fine sense of comradeship with one's fellows in widening circles of human intercourse.

I like the story of Sir Wilfred Grenfell. You have read of his work on the coast of Labrador, how he has established hospitals on that bleak shore, how he has given his life to its fisher folk.

Once after Dr. Grenfell had given a lecture in Philadelphia a woman came up to him and said, "Oh, Dr. Grenfell, how noble it is of you to sacrifice yourself in this way for these poor people." Dr. Grenfell drew himself up and said, "You do not understand. I am having the time of my life."

There spoke a truly great man! No consciousness of sacrifice! Living with these people, he had identified himself with them, and as they were helped, as they became happier and healthier, his self expanded anew in the satisfaction of a larger and richer life.

"If there is anything that depresses me . . . it is in these days to hear them talk contemptuously of the unemployed."





HENRY IV of France and Navarre (1589-1610) as seen by his contemporaries. A flattering French sketch (left) and a scoffing Flemish view (right).

Why Historians

By James Truslow Adams

Do history books plant seeds of hatred in the plastic minds of boys and girls? A distinguished author expresses views on why 'facts' cannot always be trusted.

TODAY, as always in wartimes, we live inhaling poisonous fumes of propaganda. It may be obvious propaganda, like a gas we can smell with one whiff, or the more deadly because we cannot recognize it, like carbon monoxide. To realize the prejudice, bias, or falsity of what we hear, read, or see is one of the most difficult duties of the modern adult citizen. The problem comes to a sharp focus when we consider the schoolbooks which, characteristically, give to immature and impressionable boys and girls their lifelong attitudes toward other countries.

How then, it is germane to ask, are histories written? What measures do historians take to write fairly, accurately? What agencies are at work to keep clear the channels of historical information and not only to stimulate the production of credible historical textbooks, but also to eradicate from use those that give circulation to pernicious propaganda?

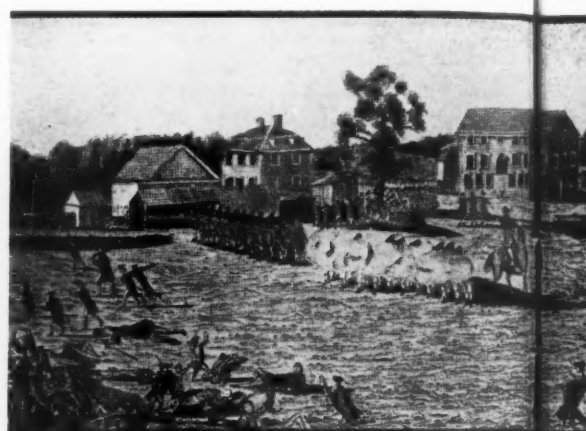
It is true that the writing and teaching of history may be important methods of inculcating in the name of historic truth certain ideas favoring or opposing certain movements or nations. But it is also true and worthy of note that some critics of histories are suffering from a severe fit of pessimism.

Are histories actually disseminating hatreds and false ideas? Obviously, in those countries which aim to force certain ideologies on their peoples, we do not look for unbiased presentation of historical or any other facts of the past or present. Yet I believe that in

a large part of the world, history is at present being written with a greater respect for truth and with less bias than ever before.

It is easy to make it appear worse, but those who clamor for absolute fairness and truth do not always exhibit it themselves. Let us take, in the case of Anglo-American historians, a recent study in book form by Arthur Walworth, published by the Harvard Press. The author adopts the method of showing bias by quoting words or lines from big books—which I think is unjust.

Hoping to escape the charge of egoism or of starting a personal controversy, I shall test it by a text of mine, written in collaboration with C. G. Vannest. In that we say, among other things, that at the beginning of the American Revolution, John Adams believed one-third of the Americans were in favor of it, one-third opposed, with one-third neutral, and that Edward Channing thought only about 40 percent could be considered "militant revolutionists." Also that Washington never had more than 22,000 at any one time in his army, and that Claude Hal-



stead Van Tyne claims that 50,000 Americans served with the British forces. Again, we speak of the bad morale in the Continental Army, and of Washington's difficulties, quoting him. We mention the difficulties of the British in transporting troops over 3,000 miles of sea, as well as of the persecution of the Tories. Further, we mention the division among the British people themselves and those who supported the American cause as their own. Again, we speak of England as struggling against other enemies, and that the Americans could not have won



The Author

Known for his "The Epic of America," the "best single volume of American history in existence," and for nearly a score of other books including his recently completed two volumes on the British Empire. He was once a member of a New York Stock Exchange firm, a captain in the United States Army Intelligence Service, resided for some years in England, and now lives in Connecticut. He is friendly, writes many a letter, and signs them thus:

James Truslow Adams

Get Headaches

the war except for France's aid.

All these and other points made by us, and many other American historians, Walworth quotes only from English historians, as though Americans wholly ignored them. He then quotes 13 words from our book with reference to George III, and contrasts them with what the great English historian Ramsay Muir writes. Yet in a recent review by Muir of my volume on the British Empire, Muir writes in the *Spectator*: "There is nothing dis-

countries. All men working for better understanding among the nations should aid attempts to alter or to delete offending or needlessly provocative statements. Yet, as I write that, I should sound a warning against a perversion of such efforts which defeat their very purpose.

In 1923, for example, a furor arose against American historians who were too friendly to England. There was the Hirshfield Committee on a witch hunt in New York

ans studied the series of State papers newly published in England. By 1905 great syntheses of the materials began. In the World War the United States fought at England's side and, owing to wartime emotion and propaganda, historians may have leaned backward in rewriting the old story of Anglo-American relations, but in any case they have ever since been written far more fairly.

We may now ask: *How can history be written fairly? What is historic truth?*

Obviously, as long as nations exist, history will be written largely in terms of each nation. The solution suggested by H. G. Wells that it should be written not thus,



A CASE study in changing historical emphasis. Judging from this drawing (left) of the Battle of Lexington, by an American artist in 1775, it was a massacre and rout of the colonials by British regulars.

BY 1886, romance had crept into the history of the American Revolution and the deeds of the minutemen became a "heroic resistance" (right) to despotism. Here one sees grim determination; a real battle.



From painting by Henry Sandham

tinctively American in his treatment . . . [it] might have been written by an English historian except that an English historian would probably not have given such frank expression to the admiration and affection which Mr. Truslow Adams feels for the British character and tradition. Even in the account of the American Revolution there is no bitterness . . . Following the trend of recent American scholarship, he is more tender to the blunders of George III, Grenville, and North than most English writers would be."

What Mr. Walworth has done in this case, which I cite only because I am more familiar with my own book than those of some others, he has done in many cases. In other words, he uses selected extracts to indicate that the best historians on both sides of the water differ materially, which I do not think they *now* do.

Nevertheless, it is true that there has been and still is much biased writing of histories in all

State, and the famous law was passed in Wisconsin which prevented the use in schools of any textbook which falsified "the facts regarding the War of Independence, or the War of 1812, or which defames our nation's founders," etc. The animus *against* England was obvious.

It is enlightening briefly to trace the course of American historical writing. The years leading up to, of, and following the Revolution were years of great emotional bitterness. Oratory and history were influenced by the emotions of the time. Then came democracy—and it has been said that the volumes of the historian George Bancroft "voted for Jackson." Again, there were the emotions of the Civil War, but in the 1880s began a long series of scholarly and unemotional studies at Johns Hopkins and Columbia universities and elsewhere. Histori-

but only in terms of the social and economic development of the world as a unit, is impossible. A man may not love the ideal of universal peace less because he loves his own country, just as he may not love his country less because he loves his own county. Perhaps he ought to be interested only in economics and sociology, but he is not. He likes to know what happened in other ways in his country and prefers that first to the world. Just as he likes to know the story of his town, its old houses, families, and happenings,—but cannot know those of every town or county—he cannot know the history of every nation. Life is short. Moreover, we come up against one of the historian's chief problems—selection of "facts."

In any history, "facts" have to be selected according to their interest or importance. These depend upon the reader as well as

the writer, and on the relation of past facts to the present and future. To judge of that relation one has to have some belief as to the trend of things. If we tried to write the Wellsian ideal of history, who would decide on the value of past facts? Would a Socialist, a Communist, an Individualist, a Japanese, a Hindu, a Britisher, or an American agree? Wells speaks of the "primary realities," but what are they? Surely they are not the same for all men or all peoples. For an American the Revolution has one value, for the Britisher another. For America it was the beginning of nationhood; for Britain it was one of the innumerable wars fought, and won or lost, in her long history.

That in writing history the historian should try to tell the truth impartially is the ideal for which most of us strive. There are, however, certain difficulties. The facts of history are as numerous as the sands on the beach. Which shall we use? They must fit into some scheme and so selection of those to be stated must depend to some extent on the historian's idea of trend and importance. These differ between men and between nations.

THEN there is the question as to what are "facts." Some can be definitely ascertained, but the vast majority cannot. Who knows who invented the first steam engine or steamboat? Who knows how many men fought on both sides in any battle of the Civil War? Who knows who wrote the whole of almost any important document? Who knows the motives of any statesman in a critical decision? And so on. Diaries, memoirs, accounts of eyewitnesses, are all at best unsafe guides. Look at the mass of conflicting testimony given by statesmen and soldiers in the World War!

The difficulty is easy to understand. Compare your version of an accident you have seen with that of a newspaper. Several years ago, while living in London, Mrs. Adams and I had a long chat with the then Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, at a great house. Leaving in our car, we discussed the experience. My wife thought he looked pale;

I thought he looked florid and flushed. We entirely differed though we had left the gentleman only five minutes before. The point of disagreement was, of course, historically unimportant—but might have been otherwise.

No, history is not, and never can be, an exact science. Historians labor at a disadvantage. They must, perforce, differ in many cases as to the truth of facts, and again as to the place and value of those in the history they are writing. Just as two landscape painters may see and paint the same scene differently, so may two historians, and quite honestly.

What, then, can they do? In the first place, they should be honest and steadfast. They should resist all sorts of pressure groups (mostly the so-called patriotic societies, racial groups, localities, and sections), and tell their story as they honestly see it, using the facts as they determine them.

It is amazing, especially in the writing of textbooks, how much pressure is exerted. To pretend, for example, that every man who fought in the American Revolution at any time was a patriot and a hero, if pleasant for their descendants, is unfair to Washington, who in letters recorded the quality of many of them.

That historians must have some pattern to choose the facts to fit into, I have tried to show, but in doing so they should try to see the picture as a whole and assemble their facts fairly. I have three grades of error in mind. In one book, by a great historian and believer in the economic determination of history, he has, honestly one cannot but believe, used the facts which support his thesis and had a blind spot for those which militate against it. In a recent volume, written from the Marxian standpoint, there is, I believe, great distortion of well-known facts. In another, attacking great wealth, there are statements so false and misleading they should hardly deceive anyone.

In writing a national history, the historian should try to see both sides of any question involving foreign relations, and try to hold the balance between his own and other countries even. In a world whose nerves are on edge,

in which nationalism is aflame, and in which some Governments are trying to influence their peoples against others, unnecessarily provocative statements in histories cannot fail to make the situation worse. In many cases they are not deliberate and come from thoughtlessness and a lack of a broad view.

It is in this last respect that I think such efforts as are being made by the branch of the League of Nations known as the Organization for International Intellectual Coöperation, and by Rotary groups can do most good.

EVEN a historian is human. He may become at some point enthusiastic and overstate himself, or he may fail to realize the effect of what he has written on other peoples. To call attention to such faults is to render real service to him as well as to the world. Undoubtedly some historians deliberately undertake to cater to emotion at home and to stir anger abroad, but I do not believe they number among them any of the leading ones. In the long run, truth will prevail, but the historians may well be asked, in the words of Pilate, "What is truth?" To call his attention to the repercussion of a statement in another country and to ask him to reconsider it, is very different from his being asked by some local society or descendant to revise his judgment of some historic character or poetic legend in his own land.

In the embattled state of the world today it seems to me, speaking as a historian, that the two international organizations to which we would listen most gladly are the nonpartisan, international Rotary and the functioning committees of the League of Nations.* Here they can help us, and perhaps *we* can help them.

*As an effort to instill "in youth the idea of the unity of human experience and to substitute love, coöperation, and confidence among all people for hate, rivalry, and suspicion," the Rotary Club of Valparaiso, Chile, in July, 1933, proposed to the Clubs of Latin America a prize contest for the best history text dealing with the origin and development of Latin-American civilization. The Latin-American Advisory Assembly adopted the proposal as its own, presenting it to the 1938 San Francisco Convention. The Board of Directors acted upon the proposal by recommending "to the District Governors and the Clubs in Latin America that they coöperate with the Rotary Club of Valparaiso in its undertaking." At the most recent Conference of the three Chilean Districts, a resolution was adopted extending the contest to all American countries.

CHANNING POLLOCK asks:

Has Business Lost Interest?



"LAST week," a friend told me, "I sold all my stock in a big corporation because my first experience as a customer of the concern persuaded me that no business so conducted could succeed."

My friend is a businessman himself, and one of long and prosperous experience. He retired a few years ago with a comfortable fortune, and, at the moment, we were lazing along Long Island Sound in his trim little schooner.

"I was renovating my country house," he related, "and planned to modernize five bathrooms. Accordingly, one morning in early March I called at the ornate city showrooms of the corporation in question, and selected the necessary accessories, with the understanding that they were to be delivered early in April. I explained that, for various reasons, our job had to be finished May 1. The salesman assured me that everything chosen was carried in stock, and that an order placed through our village plumber could be filled almost immediately.

"The plumber posted the order at once, and I wrote that, since he was a small entrepreneur, with no credit rating, I guaranteed the amount of the bill. My letter was acknowledged, and I dismissed the matter as settled. Two weeks later I received notice from the company that our plumber had no

credit rating, and that his order could not be filled until I had copied and executed a legal form of several hundred words underwriting payment. My attorney laughed. 'All this garbled verbiage is merely verbal garbage,' he said. 'The form isn't one-tenth so binding as your original letter, but sign and let it go at that.' I signed and let it go.

"On the date agreed upon for delivery, nothing had come. Moreover, the plumber complained to me, he had written several times for roughing measurements, but had had no reply. I called up my salesman; he seemed surprised and resentful that my ignorance of such transactions had led me to trouble him.

"'You must phone the warehouse,' he instructed. The fellow there was equally surprised and resentful; I should have phoned the jobber in the district where my house was situated. I phoned the jobber, and he was still more surprised. 'Your dealings weren't with us,' he explained. 'You'll have to take it up with the salesman in New York.' Annoyed at what I believe is known as 'the

run-around,' I wrote the main office. A week later I was assured that the order had been shipped.

"Late in April we got a bath tub and a bill. Nothing else had arrived. By then we were preparing to move into the house, and decided to let four of the five bathrooms remain as they were. The fifth had been dismantled, and I was paying \$15 or \$20 a day to workmen who had reached the point where they could do nothing until they received the rest of the material. Piece by piece it arrived—each piece in the wake of a long trail of telegrams and phone messages.

"Just before June 1 we were able to occupy our house, and, filled with righteous indignation, I sent a full report of my experience to the president of the corporation. 'Clerks and underlings may be indifferent,' I thought, 'but the head of a concern can't afford to let such things happen.' That week I got a reply from the president's secretary. The president was away, she said, but my communication would be brought to his attention upon his return. Maybe it was, and maybe it wasn't. I never heard. As I've said, I've sold my stock in the company, and when I finally tackle those other four bathrooms, the order will go to a rival firm."

While we talked, the boat had



"I planned to modernize five bathrooms."

come up in the wind. The jib was flapping, and my friend put up the helm. "I'm telling you this," he resumed, "not because a corporation dealing in plumbing supplies put me to inconvenience and expense, but because the experience begins to be typical. The same sort of thing has happened to me three or four times this year, and I find it has happened to a good many other people. I start asking myself, 'Has business lost interest?' If it has, and if, as I suspect, this loss begins to be more or less world-wide, you can take it from me that prosperity isn't a matter of politics, or of peace or war, or of purchasing power, but of a revival of that 'will to live' without which my doctor tells me not one patient in ten survives."

Heretofore, the will to live has been, perhaps, humanity's most dominant characteristic. Throughout most of its history, most of our race has struggled against heavy odds. It wasn't easy for the men of the Stone Age to fashion their crude habitations, nor for the first navigators to carry on trade in their cumbersome and generally unseaworthy ships. The world's farmers and industrialists have fought every imaginable and apparently irresistible foe—from drought, flood, and the boll weevil to paralyzing and frequently re-

current financial panics and business depressions. An impressive majority of all captains of industry, whatever their country or products, began with a few borrowed dollars, or pounds, or francs, or crowns, and, by sheer faith and grit and energy and enthusiasm, smashed obstacles and pushed forward to triumph. In peace or war, whether they knew it or not, their motto was: "*Nil desperandum*, damn the torpedoes, and go ahead!"

IS this spirit quenched in trade and industry, and, if so, why? A professor to whom I relayed my sailing friend's question, snorted, "Business conditions have nothing to do with it. We've gone the way of all flesh that has been too well fed and had too much. We've grown leisure loving and effete. We don't want to fight anything—evil, or foreign foes, or domestic ineptitude, or Japanese beetles. We're out to be spoon fed. We demand pensions and social security and something for nothing. It isn't only capital that has lost interest, but also labor. If the latter yells for a 30-hour week, the former takes a 65-hour week-end. The president of your friend's plumbing-supply house was probably playing golf at Pinehurst, and his clerks were

far more concerned with their motors and movies than with bills of goods, but they had begun being that way long before the big crash. If they hadn't, it's 20 to 1 there wouldn't have been any crash. It wasn't hard money that did this to us, but easy money, and it's been doing the same thing since and before the justly celebrated decline and fall of the Roman Empire."

"It's the indifference and recalcitrance of labor that explains the letdown of business," a merchant of my acquaintance declares. "You can't get anything done willingly or efficiently, and you quit trying." "It's taxes," proclaim two or three dozen other acquaintances, "and Government regulation, and the well-nigh universal insistence that any successful businessman must be a crook, and a slavedriver, and Public Enemy No. 1. It's not knowing what tomorrow will bring, or whether you'll be here to receive the bundle. Lose interest? Of course you do—principal and interest; hope and courage; everything. You're a criminal, and you know 'the criminal can't win.' You know you can't make a profit—the unions and the Government will take it from you if you do."

"In the end, you decide that Bert Savoy, the comedian, was right, when he heard how Marge, struggling to climb into a crowded lifeboat, got hit with an oar every time her head rose above water, and commented, 'Wasn't she the simp to come up?' Under present conditions, that president should stick to his desk, and keep on hand a big stock he knows he can't sell, and sit up nights to deliver plumbing fixtures to pay taxes and try to prove that he isn't unfair to organized labor!"

From all these explanations, you may take your choice. The fact is that there seems to be abundant evidence that business *has* lost interest. Go into the highways and byways, discussing the matter with all and sundry, as I have done, and you will assemble a collection of illustrations admitting of no other interpretation. Recall a few of your own efforts to start the ball of commerce rolling.

Two years ago I treated myself to an expensive steel desk, and found the drawers couldn't be locked. The dealer's repairman

discovered that a metal bar had been set too far back, and pieced it out with a wooden one. As that didn't help, I phoned again, and another repairman put in another wooden bar. The drawers don't lock yet, and the dealer seems to think it very unreasonable of me to expect that they should lock.

Since then I have had the same sort of experience with a new typewriter, some electric equipment, and a standing order for the delivery of a certain number of cigars on the first of each month. Protest brings only what my wife calls a "what's-eatin'-him?" letter.

The secretary who is transcribing this article gives me a memo: "I paid one of the big department stores for a paper pattern, to be sent, as my size wasn't in stock. When it didn't arrive, I called personally to report, and was told it had been mailed by the manufacturer, and I'd receive it the next day. Several next days later I wrote, enclosing the sales slip, and soon afterward the pattern came. The following day I had a letter from the manufacturer saying that, as I had no account with the firm, the goods couldn't be sent until I remitted 35 cents in stamps. I wrote explaining, and my letter was acknowledged by postcard. A week after that someone phoned from the manufacturer to apologize because the pattern hadn't been sent. I said it had come, and the transaction was closed. Next

day I received another pattern—which I am afraid to return lest I start the whole thing over again."

The only extraordinary part of this memo is its record of consistent courtesy. Many business concerns, big and small, seem to resent being roused to sell anything.

A week-end guest, on my front porch at the moment, tells me that yesterday, a few miles from home, his car ran short of gas and he stopped at a privately owned filling station. No one appeared, so my friend blew the horn. Then he asked for only enough fuel to carry him to his own plentiful supply. "Cheese!" the filling-station proprietor complained, "what's the big idea of all that honking just to buy five gallons of gas?"

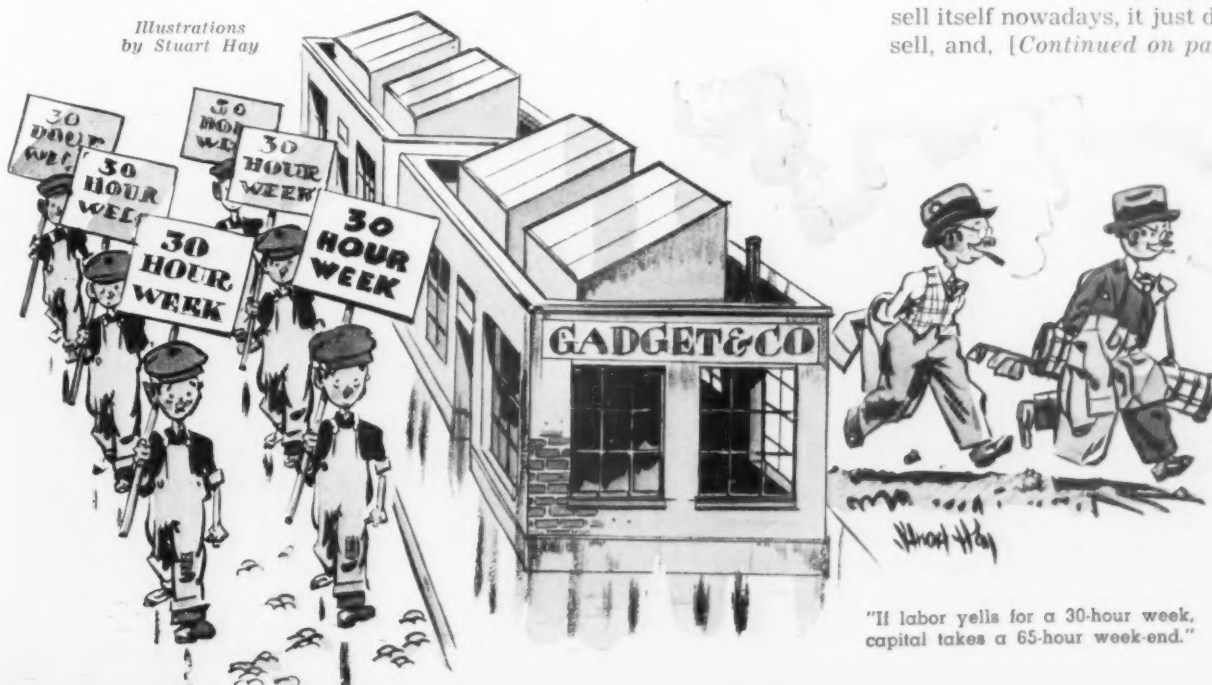
A WOMAN of my acquaintance, whose husband enjoys a top credit rating, subtracted 80 cents from a disputed laundry bill, upon which her weekly wash was held up until she sent the money. The woman and her neighbors transferred their custom to another laundry, but no one seems to mind. I know an automobile insurance company that has lost several thousand dollars in premiums through holding out \$100 on an accident claim—but the failure of a section of businessmen to realize the value of goodwill would require a separate article.

My No. 1 example of slackness, I think, is that of a nursery I have

patronized 33 years. A year ago its expert called to discuss some cover planting that came to nearly \$400. I spent two hours going over the job with him, O. K.'d his plans, and wrote that I wanted them carried out the following April. When I came to the country in May, nothing had been done. Replying to my inquiry, the nursery stated that my order was on file, but the plans had been mislaid. They would send the expert next week to go over the matter again. Many months have passed, and I have heard nothing further. That nursery has lost a very old and regular customer, but I doubt that it has yet discovered the fact. At any rate it still sends me circulars.

Such instances are far from being confined to merchandising. During 40 years of authorship, I found two weeks the average time required for editorial action on a manuscript; now it is four to six weeks. A firm of attorneys that, since 1922, has attended to the income tax of a very successful portrait painter of my acquaintance, forgot the whole matter last March. The secretary of a book publisher tells my secretary of several thousand circulars meant to advertise a new novel, and now lying on the publisher's shelves in addressed envelopes. Printing and addressing have cost many times the additional cost of postage, but the publisher says, "What's the use? If a book doesn't sell itself nowadays, it just doesn't sell, and, [Continued on page 53]

Illustrations
by Stuart Hay

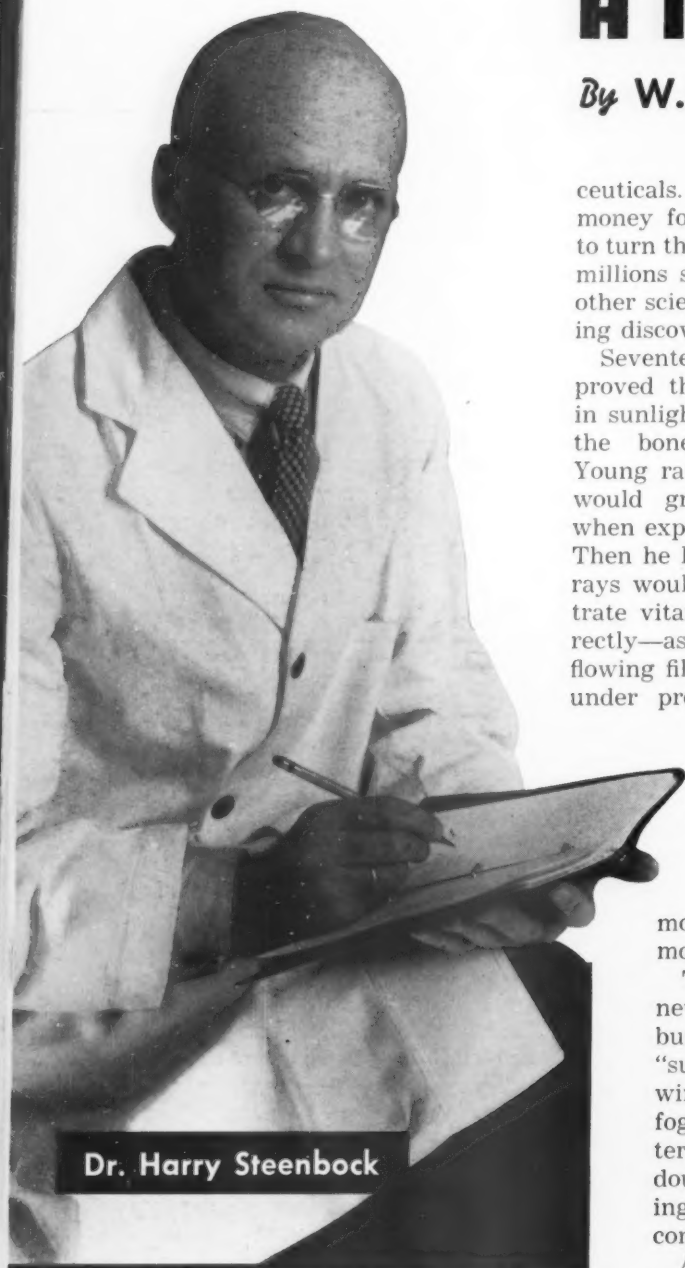


"If labor yells for a 30-hour week, capital takes a 65-hour week-end."

About a Man Who Gave

A Million-Dollar 'No!'

By W. F. McDermott and J. C. Furnas



Dr. Harry Steenbock

Photo: Van Flaher

LOOK at your milk-bottle cap tomorrow morning. The chances are it reads, "Vitamin D—Steenbock Process." If it does, you have in condensed form the story of tall, baldish, soft-spoken Professor Harry Steenbock, of the University of Wisconsin, who said "No" to a million dollars. This amount he could have had in return for his discovery of the process of incorporating the "sunshine vitamin" in foods and pharma-

ceuticals. Instead he declined the money for himself and managed to turn that first million and other millions since into a fund which other scientists could use in making discoveries of their own.

Seventeen years ago Steenbock proved that the ultraviolet rays in sunlight are closely related to the bone-building vitamin D. Young rats afflicted with rickets would grow to normal health when exposed to ultraviolet rays. Then he learned that those same rays would mysteriously concentrate vitamin D in foodstuffs directly—as, for instance, when a flowing film of milk was exposed under proper conditions. Milk from cows fed on "irradiated" yeast proved richer in the vitamin. Directly irradiated hens not only laid eggs containing more of the vitamin, but more eggs as well.

That was important news not only to science, but also to business. This "sunshine vitamin," which window glass, smoke, and fog largely cut off in Winter, would appeal tremendously to a public becoming thoroughly vitamin-conscious.

As a scientist interested only in the advancement of knowledge, the professor was supposed to let the world do as it liked with his discoveries. But Steenbock is an intense individualist whose think-for-themselves ancestors were among the German liberals who migrated to the United States in 1848. So he applied for patents on his processes. Big business came swarming, as he had foreseen. Its offers totalled a cool million dollars. Steenbock shook his head with firmness: "I don't

want it that way," he said. "This shall be given to science."

Business backed away, muttering about eccentric professors. It did not know yet that this eccentric professor had a gorgeous and highly practical scheme. Since he had made his discovery as a scientist and a member of the Wisconsin faculty, he wanted science and Wisconsin to get the benefit. He knew, as all research scientists know, the heartbreaking way the laboratory investigator must scramble and fight for funds that enable him to push the frontiers of knowledge further. Money to develop new products useful to business is relatively easy to get. But money for straight research, used to explore truth whether it leads to profit or not, must come from the overworked budgets of universities and the arbitrary generosity of wealth. To keep science from becoming a hired hand or having to beg for hand-outs, Steenbock was going to turn his patents over to the University, which could collect the royalties and pass them on year after year to promising research men. The financial fruits of new knowledge would be plowed back as fertilizer to produce still more knowledge.

Yet, crazy as it sounds, he couldn't give his potential millions away like that. Unprepared to administer such a scheme, the University failed to act. Steenbock went privately to key officials. "Something certainly should be done," one of them admitted. "Last week in Chicago I saw a crowd at a drugstore window watching what the sign said was a 'demonstration of the Steenbock vitamin D process.' They were dripping olive oil on a revolving glass platform under an ordinary electric-light bulb and selling the oil at a dollar a bottle. Doing a land-office business, too."

Steenbock blessed himself for

already having those patents applied for and went on talking faster. Money for science, protection of the public from shyster exploitation of this new boon to health—the possibilities were unlimited. If the University couldn't take the responsibility, what about the cream of her alumni, acting privately?

That was the genesis of the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation (WARF). A group of nine old grads—among them a Federal judge, a corporation president, and a banker—put up \$900 to found a corporation that would administer Steenbock's patent rights and pass the proceeds on to the University for science. Last year alone those patents enabled the WARF to hand over \$185,000 to finance promising research projects in physics, chemistry, biology, and other sciences. Total grants to date are over \$1,200,000. The WARF would rather not say how much of an endowment fund has been built up, but, since that \$185,000 was largely interest on investments, arithmetic puts the total of the fund at something like 5 million dollars.

Still a bachelor, still pursuing his hobby of amateur photography, Steenbock lives alone on his professor's salary just as he did before rats showed him how to be a multimillionaire. Yet it was hardly unworldly simplicity that made him assign those millions to the WARF. He has always known the value of money. As a towheaded kid in a Wisconsin country school, he used to get there an hour ahead of even the teacher on bitter Winter mornings to build the fire and earn \$10 a year. And the conditions he imposed on the Foundation's use of his patents are as shrewdly realistic as an installment-plan contract.

From the start he stipulated that, for the greatest possible number of people to benefit in health, irradiation should be used only on "essential foods regularly consumed." That put such things as vitamin D beer and irradiated chewing gum out of bounds, and the WARF has turned down another million dollars' worth of offers from makers of beer, pretzels, sausages, and gum. Con-

tracts with manufacturers prohibit misleading advertising of vitamin D and give the WARF the privilege of censoring any advertisement.

To make sure that vitamin D is in the product as advertised, the WARF runs its own laboratory just off the Wisconsin campus where manufacturers' samples of irradiated products—plus samples bought at random by field agents as a canny precaution—are tested on 20,000 white rats a year. Should an irradiated sample not make a rickety rat start to get well, the offending manufacturer would promptly hear of it. Other laboratories throughout

the United States test milk and local products. These tests cost the Foundation \$50,000 a year.

By now the scale of the thing is enormous. Two and one-half billion pounds of evaporated milk annually, hundreds of thousands of quarts daily of fresh milk made available by 400 dairies to 40 million people, pay royalties to finance research under Steenbock's plan. Other large sums come from pharmaceuticals, cereals, and accessory food products.

No wonder the money rolls in. It rolls out in an even more impressive fashion. Every year the WARF figures out what it can grant the University for the next



Photo:
Cy La Tour

WISCONSIN ALUMNI
RESEARCH FOUNDATION

Approved for
VITAMIN D
upon periodic
tests



Photos: Diemer; (inset) Seals

"TRY it on the dog" has given way to "Try it on the rat." It's by this method that Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation technicians test vitamin D potency of irradiated products.

12 months and the University starts distributing that sum where it will do the most good. Part of the annual grant goes to pay fellowships to brilliant young scientists brought to Madison from all over the United States to work out their scientific destinies in a manner that, says Steenbock with a wintry smile, is highly stimulating to the faculty members who have to keep abreast of them. At the moment the rest is financing promising work on such varied scientific subjects as Diesel-engine fuels, tumors, soil chemistry, anesthesia, and the treatment of mental disease.

The Foundation spends a good deal of its own money directly, trying to find out more about the crucially important vitamin D. Its big dentistry project, complete with laboratory and technicians, will be working for three years on 225 inmates of the Wisconsin State Penitentiary who have volunteered to be "guinea pigs" in investigating the relation between vitamin D and tooth decay. Its connection with tuberculosis, rickets, arthritis, and skin infections is being worked on in hospitals and medical schools at a cost to date of at least \$150,000.

The plowing-back process is going on at a terrific rate.

When a researcher working with WARF funds finds something important and potentially patentable, it's all his own to do with as he likes. He can give it to the world unprotected, or pocket whatever revenue is coming. Or he can ask the Foundation's experts to take over his patents for the good of science, just as it took over Steenbock's. In such cases the Foundation invariably arranges to hand back a certain percentage to the discoverer. So far the WARF has thus acquired the rights to a number of new discoveries: an important new method of treating secondary anemia with copper and iron, a new kind of building brick that combines greater moisture resistance with greater strength, a new way of stabilizing iodine in salt.

But potential profits have nothing to do with the WARF's motives in handing out money. When they appear at all, profits are accidental and nobody cares one way or the other. The chief—in fact, the only—purpose throughout is to get money into the hands of men who will teach mankind more and more about the physical environment in which they live

by prying further into its dim mysteries.

That arrangement is so close to a research scientist's idea of heaven that Steenbock's impractical scheme has spread in one form or another into several other important universities and is being prepared for in a dozen more. In making arrangements for the institution to take over and operate patents way back in 1918, the University of Illinois even anticipated some of Steenbock's idea. In the short time since 1930, Purdue University has acquired title to 145 patents or patent applications on discoveries made by its researchers. Although none of them is such a gold mine as irradiation, the University has accumulated well over a million dollars in trust funds to further research, and makes an earnest point of seeing

to it that as much as possible of the income is piped into projects that, although they have little commercial value, are of great importance to science itself.

Insulin, the diabetics' lifesaver, is controlled by the University of Toronto, where it was discovered. Synthetic hormones, of importance in adjusting glandular disorders, bring in small but handy revenues to the University of Minnesota and the University of St. Louis. Cornell derives income from a new method of preserving eggs. The University of California rents industry an ingenious and profitable way of getting the meat whole out of nuts—by exploding gas inside their shells instead of cracking them. At Pennsylvania State College, Stanford University, Northwestern, and Ohio State, other developments of a worth-while scientific nature are under way.

The University of Cincinnati has created a flourishing, self-supporting research organization. Started in a garret on a meager appropriation from engineering-school funds, the Cincinnati Basic Science Research Laboratory soon worked out another brilliant application of ultraviolet rays to the food industry that General Foods Corporation snapped up for enough money to build a good new laboratory [Continued on page 54]



TELEVISED, Rotary's Founder Paul Harris, President Walter D. Head, and Secretary Chesley R. Perry appear thus at three Clubs at once.

Rotary Makes Television History

AT 6 o'clock on the night of December 8, Rotarians of Albany, Troy, and Schenectady, New York, sat down to dinner in their respective "Rotary hotels." At 7, cigars glowing, the three groups though miles apart turned to hear and see the same Rotary program, to sing to the signs of the same song leader who was in all three places—in all but the flesh.

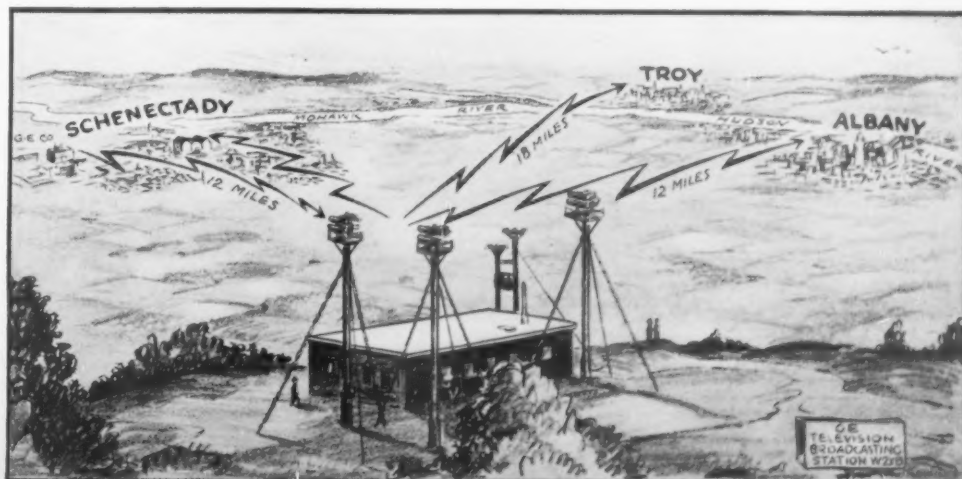
This was the first Rotary telecast of any sort. It was more. It was the first telecast of a program connecting three cities; it was certainly by far the most pretentious telecast ever made in America, if not in the world.

For General Electric Company it was the first public test of its new television transmitter,

W2XB. For Rotary it was an event of epochal dimensions and of prophetic implications. "Radio and its younger sister, television, make of the whole world a neighborhood," the audiences saw and heard Rotary's President, Walter D. Head, say. "Let us hope that

together Rotary and radio and television may help to develop this world neighborhood into a world brotherhood."

Music and magic punctuated the program—which was much photographed. Pictures on this and the following two pages tell the story.



THE path of the telecast as mapped by Rotarian James Barstow, of Scotia, N. Y.



THE telecast originated in this studio (above), a pleasant jungle of cables and water-cooled lights. Heart of the room is the "dolly" which carries the camera (the streamlined box through which the operator peers stereopticon-wise) and the microphone. At the "speakers' table" are (left to right) Schenectady Rotarian Carl W. Snyder, the general chairman, Founder Harris, President Head, Secretary Perry, and Leland D. Case, *The Rotarian* editor. District Governor Charles S. Morris, not shown in picture, also took part.

MAKEUP is important—so Rotary's "Founder Paul" accepts some cheerfully (below, far left) before his first telecast. . . . The famous Chinese ring trick (below center) had them guessing at three Rotary meetings simultaneously. The magician is Rotarian Chester Woodin, of Schenectady; his assistant is Chairman Snyder . . . and when Rotarian Song Leader George D. Elwell, of Albany, led off on *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, did they follow? With their all! And in flawless unison! This, President Head predicted, "will make history."





EACH of the three Clubs watched and heard the telecast through a receiving set placed in its dining-room. While the mirrored images were relatively small, reception was sharp enough to engage the concentrated attention seen in these photos. (Above) Schenectady Rotarians in their meeting at the Hotel Van Curler. Note the screens in background. . . . (Right) A glimpse of Albany Rotarians at Hotel Ten Eyck as they watched the telecast. Not a "squirm" in sight here either.

TROY Rotarians and their guests from three neighboring Rotary Clubs—175 persons in all—watched and listened to the program at the Hotel Hendrick Hudson. The receiving set fascinated many. Here (lower right) three men explain its magic to a Rotarian's lady: (left to right) A. Barrou, Albany; Mrs. E. H. Robison, wife of a local member; Henry Kreutter, Bridgeport, Conn.; Rotarian William J. Clark, Albany.

A LAST-minute look at his script prepares Rotary's one and only Secretary Chesley R. Perry for his first telecast (below). On the organ at rear, a Schenectady musician entertained visually and audibly—as did a harpist and a quartette of Troy "Rotary Anns."



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Abolish Movie Block



Block booking—or blind booking, as it is termed in the British Empire—is sure to be discussed whenever or wherever problems of the motion-pic-

ture industry are reviewed. As a technique for distributing films, it concerns producer, broker, theater owner, and the public. Arguments for and

Yes!

James Roosevelt

Vice-President, Samuel Goldwyn, Inc.

THE old admonition "Never buy a pig in a poke" holds as true today as when it was first uttered by someone's grandmother a good many hundreds of years ago.

Unfortunately, however, there is a substantial business group today who must perforce subscribe to just the reverse of that sage advice or else seek other means of livelihood. And with an investment of millions of dollars at stake there are few if any in that category who prefer pioneering to even the chimerical hope that something will happen to change this situation for the better.

I speak of those motion-picture exhibitors who in order to survive must adhere to the practice of so-called "block booking." If you are hazy as to the meaning of the term, at the present time the subject of great controversy in the trade, it is this briefly:

Block booking is in reality blind selling. In other words, to obtain a motion-picture product over the 52 weeks of the year, the independent exhibitor must agree to purchase or rent a certain number of pictures, sight unseen, taking the good along with the bad.

This article must not be construed as an argument for the Neely Bill, which will come up for action in the United States Senate early this year. That measure would outlaw block booking, but its other ramifications make block booking but one feature.

This is, however, an argument for the relief of the independent exhibitor, who at present has no recourse but to accept an inferior or perhaps a questionable box-office product in order to obtain a percentage of good produce.

There are those who contend that the independent does not necessarily have to take the inferior product if he does not wish to. That is all very well, but experience has taught those who have tried it that the rental costs of the Grade-A production then become almost prohibitive and profits an impossibility.

Under the present method of block booking there is no such thing as any intelligent plan of selectivity of the Hollywood product on which the independent must depend as his stock in trade. In a good many instances he is even unaware of the names of some of the pictures that will flash across his screen in the weeks to come—pictures of the "B" class that he must rent in order to get his quota of "A's."

It is my feeling that the distributors should have a greater con-

sideration for the men who make their markets—who purchase or rent the rather nebulous quantity that goes under the name of screen entertainment. Provide for them means by which they can see what they are contracting for over a lengthy period. Give them the opportunity to reject what they as showmen know will be "turkeys" at the box office. It is not fair to them nor to the millions who daily look to the motion-picture industry to supply them with means for a two-hour excursion to the land of make believe, a land where they can relax and in their imaginations be hero or heroine, as the case may be, in the product that flashes before their eyes.

As a newcomer to the motion-picture industry, I stated some months ago my objections to block booking. Now after a year I am convinced more than ever that there should be remedial measures taken by the industry itself to meet a situation that is manifestly inequitable. In that way the great motion-picture industry will be taking a step forward toward putting its house in order without outside interference.

Blind disregard of a situation that yearly is becoming more and more acute may easily lead to definite legislative action—if not by the Congress, then by the several States. It has happened before.

But aside from the threat of legal involvements is the opportunity to render a service to the people themselves. There is no legitimate excuse for bad pictures resulting from ill-considered stories and hastily executed work simply because a mass-production schedule has to be met.

The movie-going public pay to see the best. Give it to them and you will find, I am sure, a specific for lagging box-office business.

In conclusion it might be well to examine briefly the system that

ck Booking?

As a tech-
it con-
er owner,
for and

against it are here offered in the
best Rotary Vocational Service tra-
dition. Brief letters of comment from
readers are invited.—The Editors.

prevails in Great Britain where film bookings are concerned. There no picture can be offered for sale until the exhibitors have had an opportunity to view it.

The argument is made that such a procedure would be unworkable in the United States; that production plans would be knocked into a cocked hat, necessitating a complete revision of production policies; and, furthermore, that the element of timeliness would be lost. In other words, proponents of block booking take the position that the exhibitor is in the same spot as the man who subscribes to a magazine a year in advance. He cannot be guaranteed every issue will meet with his full approval.

The fact remains, however, that the system seems to work in Britain, and if the exhibitors there fail to avail themselves at all times of the opportunity to preview, at least they are secure in the knowledge that they have a freedom of choice that is denied their American brothers.

This article is simply an appeal for the independent exhibitor who now is faced day in and day out with the bleak prospects of making a living confronted with a "take what we make or else" policy.

I believe the only reason that there has been but apathetic opposition to block booking except in the trade itself is that the average theater-goer is blissfully unaware of the machinery that operates to bring him the production that he sits through week after week as his major form of entertainment.

He goes to the theater in the belief that he is choosing his own entertainment. He is, after a fashion, and in a large community he has a relatively wide field of selection. But how about the chap in the small town that boasts of but one or two theaters? He is pretty

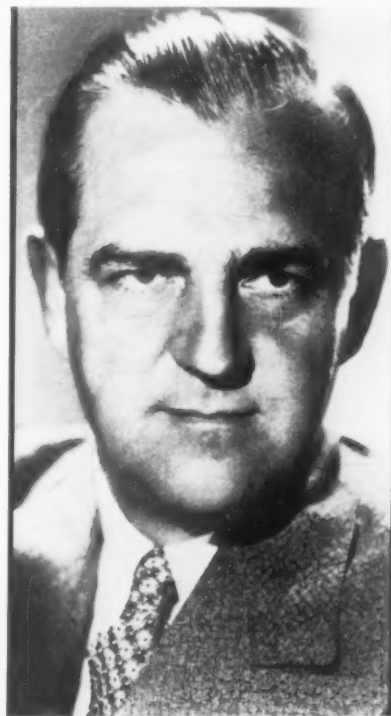
much in the position of the exhibitor. He must take it or else.

More than 80 million people slide their cash across the box-office window sill every week in the year. Block-booking proponents insist those 80 million have a complete freedom of choice.

They will have it only when the exhibitor obtains it.

At the expense of seeming a bit repetitious, I am firmly convinced that the situation can be met by the industry itself. Thousands of dollars already have been spent to fight block booking and it is likely that thousands more will be poured into the battle.

How much better it would be for all hands concerned if the industry recognized that coöperative action at this time might spare it the grief of legislative mandate later.



No!

Ned E. Depinet

Vice-President, RKO Radio Pictures

IF THE phrase "f.o.b. Detroit" should some day become a great moral and social issue in the automotive industry to which was attributed the menace of side-road "necking," engine trouble, and

the wearing quality of upholstery, it would be no more absurd than the present hue and cry against the phrase "block booking" in the motion-picture industry. Both are phrases of strictly commercial significance. Both explain in simple and understandable terms a method of doing business.

To understand the term "block booking" one must go back to the beginning of the motion-picture industry 50 years ago. The theatrical field was then divided largely into what was known as the "legitimate" or the dramatic or musical theater and the vaudeville house. The first films, which ran for a minute or two, were shown by means of a slot machine into which a person peered through a peephole and beheld the miracle of "moving" pictures. Soon these primitive films, which showed a man walking, a horse running, or a bit of scenery, began to develop into an art form with incident, story, and plot called "photoplays," and with this development outgrew the narrow confines of the box which had held them.

A young and expanding art and industry required a wider market and turned to the vaudeville theaters, where its films, now several hundred feet in length and running for five to ten minutes, were "booked" as "fillers" or interludes to fill in time between the then-continuous vaudeville programs. Noting the public's growing interest in photographs that moved, a few adventurous men decided to present complete programs of films in special "theaters." Thus was born the nickelodeon, usually an empty store equipped with a screen, a projection machine, and a few hundred chairs for the customers.

As the quality of films improved and the public became more interested, theaters sought a source of regular supply. Certain producers so improved their product that the films became attractions to which the audience looked forward week by week. Certain players became known by face and name to the public, and the theater manager, to protect his business and to maintain his patronage, contracted or "booked" the films [Continued on page 52]

HAVE A VACATION EVERY DAY!

Suggests William Moulton Marston

YOU need a vacation. Not next month or next Summer, but now. What's more, you don't need a vacation that the boss gives you, but one that you take yourself. Every person ought to have a vacation every day, and you can have one if you realize that a peck of fun today is worth a bushel tomorrow.

Most of us, living almost automatically in the grip of a weekly schedule, look forward to some future letup. We forget that with planning we can pack into short daily intervals all the essentials of a protracted holiday—change of scene, change of pace, change of people, and—most important—change of habit.

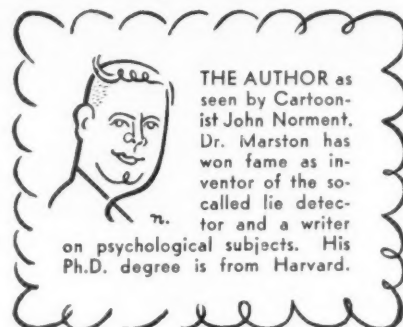
To take a vacation every day, of course, requires foresight and scheming. The daily vacation must be made to count as a time of self-renewal or it doesn't count at all. A period of aimless relaxation is not enough. Mere cessation of work doesn't constitute a vacation. When your attention is

Some of the busiest people find these interludes their best investment of precious minutes. The busier you are, the more you need a vacation, and if you are one of those people who complain that their schedule allows no interruption, start looking around now for a spot you can call your own.

There is always the lunch hour. Many workers return from lunch more schedule-haunted than before, merely because they did not spend their time the way they wanted to. They followed habit to a dead end. Don't confuse the easiest thing, joining the crowd, with the thing you actually prefer. Go for a walk by yourself. When you suddenly think of some near-by point of interest, head for it before inhibitions shackle your legs.

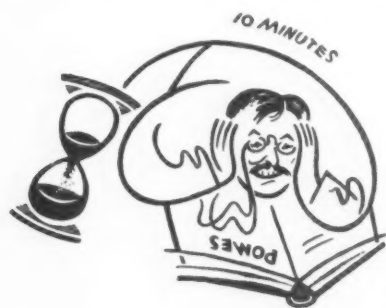
Or plan in advance how you can use the lunch hour to make it a vacation and not another chore. There is the businessman of my acquaintance who grabs a hasty lunch at the nearest drugstore and spends the rest of his time with his camera. He is an expert shot, with an eye to composition and character. Every day he adds to his collection—women bargain hunters, panhandlers, street urchins, taxi drivers, traffic cops in action. He is recording fascinating dramas of street life. He could spend his time complaining to companions at lunch that he never has a chance to use his camera. Instead he comes back refreshed and diverted, ready for better work and with a good time tucked under his hat. And in catching the life about him he makes two vacations in one—the taking of the pictures and the possibility of recapturing the past by merely opening his scrapbook.

Lunch itself can be made into a vacation experience, provided you do not hustle with the rest of the crowd into the same noisy restaurant day after day, but strike out for new places. In every city there are "foreign" quarters. New flavors, new dishes, new language, can transport you mo-



mentarily into strange lands. A new spur to the imagination can come with new circumstances. Nor does the restaurant you choose have to be "foreign." It may just as well be a place frequented by types of people with whom you don't associate every day. The beanery where the truck drivers eat and exchange earthy comment or a cafeteria where college students settle the world's problems can take you out of yourself and give you something new to think about. People create atmosphere.

Day after day we strangle our personalities in the vice of our habits. During the majority of working hours, the inner man is asleep. Usually our leisure moments are frittered away. Yet all the while there are things we would really like to do—things that, if done, would renew us. I know a few thoughtful people who feel better than I do because they take ten minutes out now and then to write letters—not the letters they need to write, but those they don't. Sometimes they write to an author about his book, a remembered childhood friend, a public official who is doing good work. A young man has built himself a delightful repertoire of piano music and a fair technique because he seizes a few daily minutes while breakfast is on the way, just before dinner and just after. With him it is not merely a matter of improving each shining moment. He looks upon the creation of new and pleasurable skills as a relief from chore and tedium. He feels the need of



held captive by preplanned duties, you cannot free it by a sheer act of will. You must set up a counter-stimulus to drag your thoughts away from the tenacious grip of preoccupation. You've got to make it a real vacation—it must be not only a definite break with routine, but a positive, impulsive rendezvous with pleasure as well.

Don't say you haven't time for this sort of thing. If a President of the United States can set aside ten minutes a day for self-freedom in the form of reading poetry, as Theodore Roosevelt did, surely you aren't too busy to find a daily interval you can call your own.

change and knows the knack of inviting change.

The recreational value of what you do does not depend on its novelty. Any activity that summons the real *you* from the dim recesses of your clock-ruled hours gives you the vacation you need. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had a means of respite which you might find diverting. He spent ten-minute intervals with the dictionary, smoking out words and phrases that he liked. He believed that no one could give him a phrase which he could not match with a better single word. He had a detective's interest in words—their sound, their acquired meanings, their origins. It's a game that, if you've a mind, can



be played with a zest that is sure to absorb and release you.

Mayor La Guardia, of New York City, takes short-order vacations by donning a chef's apron, invading the kitchen of a restaurant or home, and fraternizing with the help while he cooks spaghetti. It's an active, pleasant enterprise for him—so unlike running a city; and he tries for effects no other chef can get. Charles Frohman, the producer, used to sit calmly at his desk, studying timetables which carried him mentally to delectable resorts, while desperate stage people besieged his outer offices. When he felt sufficiently recreated, he would mentally take a train back and begin again his round of work.

Some diverting interest that calls for reasonable skill and commands full attention is the best basis of a creative daily vacation. In New York and other cities are miniature railroads set up in downtown buildings where men can steal away from work and manipulate them in the course of

the day. These roads not only furnish a round of brief stimulating activity and an excuse for complete withdrawal, but also they require thought and dexterity in repair and imagination in running. Other and more personal diversions, of course, serve better. I know one small businessman who has the equipment for wood carving in a vacant section of his building. When the pressure gets too great or things seem futile, he goes at wood carving for a few life-giving minutes and comes back with a new grip on himself.

Not a few people go off on long vacations to meet new people and miss the newness in the people around them. And all because they don't open their eyes and flex their muscles and take a vacation every day. Why not make your daily vacation a means of sounding out some of the people you usually pass with a mere word. A ten-minute conversation may refresh you with new points of view. Or even if you don't put a vacation in your daily schedule, you can seize what comes up and extract from it the needed elements of recreation. Suppose your desk is piled high with work and in breezes some fellow you cannot refuse to see, but whose conversation, you know, will be a waste of business time. You can either be bored and preoccupied, or, with the vacation attitude, make profit out of necessity. The time you give the intruder may easily be converted into moments of enjoyment and self-renewal.

The important factor always is change. One intelligent housewife tells me, "I discovered during the first year of housekeeping that I had to run my work or it would run me. Whenever the deadly grind begins to get me, I plunk myself right down in the midst of it all and read a while. Then I jump up and wade into my housework like two women and a horse." Another saves to buy recorded symphonies and once a morning drops everything and stretches out on the couch to listen. Telephones may ring and doorbells buzz. She does not hear them. She is centuries away.

What do people get out of

daily vacations? They get themselves. They sweep aside the accumulated debris of other people's ideas, suggestions, and demands which clutter up their minds. They make room for their own reactions. Floundering along in a deep rut with your vision dimmed by other people's dust will never get you anywhere.

The daily vacation, too, breaks the tyranny of fixed schedule and habit. According to Lewis Mumford, industrial civilization began not with the invention of the machine, but with the perfection of the clock. Much of the tension of today is created by the unceasing regularity of all our doings. We behave more like insects than human beings. The daily vacation, in which we take command again of our time, and in which we find ourselves, is the best way to check the tendency of routine to deaden our personalities.

I do not advise you to cut appointments, be late for work, or loaf. What I am talking about is the independence to take time off whenever you cease to function properly; the courage to renew your spirit and not be browbeaten by routine.

You need a vacation every day. Take it by snatching short periods of complete change, complete self-communion. Or take it by keeping the details of your activities, your methods of doing things, the paths by which you approach your underlying purposes, flexible, subject to spontaneous change, variegated, and self-expressive. A daily vacation is your best success insurance because it guarantees the preservation of your own inner drive in everything you do.

Here's wishing you a pleasant vacation every day; if it's pleasant, it is bound to be profitable.





My 37 Years with 'Criminals'

By George F. Smith

Rotary Club of Goulburn, Australia

A self-told story of the man who, perhaps more than any other, humanized Australia's treatment of convicted men.

I HAVE recently retired after 37 years as an Australian prison governor. A newspaperman asked me, "Do you look back on that long period as a happy memory?" My answer was, "No." Happiness means contentment. I never found that. Antagonisms filled the years. The prisoners were my friends, but the officials who scorned my ideas of prison reform determined to make me obey archaic regulations. In 1928 they suspended me, and after a public inquiry—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

Australia's prison system got off to a bad start. It began 150 years ago when English convicts were sent to the continent to build the first settlement. Captain Phillip, Australia's first Governor, was in charge. He tried to effect a better understanding between officers and convicts, but he was discouraged by Government officials and hindered by his own men. Thus the penal system was founded in a spirit of sadism. In

the system's drift down through the years, no broad sensible effort has been made to stem its waste of human material.

Men are cast into prisons and set at trades. The officers in charge are untrained. It is only by chance that a few of them understand psychology and know how to apply it wisely. Make the men work well, sleep well, and eat what they are given—that is the general rule. If they serve their sentences without complaint, then the prison is relieved of a burden. The prisoner goes out no better than when he came in, and in many cases much worse.

When I joined the service, my best recommendation for promotion seemed to be my physique. I was the seventh son of a family of giants. My present weight is 270 pounds, and as a young man I had an unbeaten record as an amateur boxer. Two months after my appointment I was ordered into the "select" band of bashers.

Six of us, all hefty warders, were to go into the basement to beat and kick two prisoners who had committed a breach of prison discipline. I refused. I had learned to play the game in the amateur boxing ring.

Very soon I was transferred to another prison which contained old men and derelicts. This was humiliating and I resolved to resign. But a higher power directed my destiny. I decided to "stick it out." I knew that if I were to gain ground against such a system, I would need a scientific approach. I studied criminology at night. I gathered books of psychology about me, and after a long day's tramp in wings and corridors I would take up my books and drink in the new ideas.

Early 1914 brought my first opportunity. I was able to organize an officers' mess on a paying basis, and that plus my desire to approach crime scientifically won me the position of superinten-

dent at a new institution formed for inebriates and drug addicts. Within four years the institution was self-supporting. Patients were attracted from every State in Australia, and from New Zealand. I quickly learned that the treatment must be a mental treatment. The case of a young university student addicted to a drug needle showed me that. Gradually I broke down the strength of the drug until he was injecting pure water into his body. When I took the needle of water away from him one night, he raved and went through the same tortures that beset him when he was separated from the pure drug. I gave him back the needle, he injected the water into his arm, and fell off into a deep sleep.

Experience showed that these men had become drunkards and drug addicts because they had lost faith in themselves and everyone else. Each man had to be taught that he was being developed and not submerged. The cures were permanent as far as I know.

In 1923 I was promoted to acting governor of Parramatta Gaol (jail). This opened a very different field for me. There the worst types of criminals were imprisoned. My first work was to reconstruct the personnel of the staff for I found my important task of setting up a new system of treatment hindered by the fact that I had to spend much more time undoing mischief wrought by inexperienced and tactless officers than I could spend in studying the prisoners as individuals.

The task was made greater by political interference. I was inundated with advice, but I had gone so far with my own policy that I meant to carry it right through. I disregarded "stool pigeons" (always a source of danger in prisons). I went personally into the yards and talked with the men, selecting the leaders of revolts, the so-called incorrigibles. Quickly I realized that I must win the confidence of the prisoners by mutual understanding. One slip and they would have distrusted me. There was too much in the balance to let that happen. To use the prisoners' own terms, "We've found a bloke who'll give us a fair go. Let's see that he gets a fair go, too." They coöperated. Never once did they riot under my charge; not once was there an escape nor even a temporary stoppage of work.

This was something new in Australian prison history, and it attracted public comment. The authorities became suspicious. Frequent riots were taking place in other prisons. The ringleaders were sent to mine and quickly they fell into line and worked well.

At this time a riot broke out in Bathurst Gaol. The prisoners refused to work and bayonet charges were made against them. It was then decided that I should go as governor to that prison. My superiors warned, "Your methods won't work there." But they did.

Here my story outdoes fiction. I found some of my officers secretly practicing cruelties. One man had



SMITH: A man's future was more important to him than following regulations.

a heavy wooden baton which, unknown to me, he had used on the heads of unfortunate inmates. I could see no other reason for this underground sabotage of my ideals than that it was an attempt to prove my system wrong. Newspapers showed caricatures of me forcing officers and prisoners to kiss and be friends. But it all helped. It attracted public notice—and then in 1928 I was suspended for leniency.

That brought the bitterest night of my life. My home was outside the walls. It was late evening when I decided to go to the prison for an inspection. I knocked on the heavy iron gate. The junior warden opened the small observation slit and said, "You can't come in. I have instructions not to open



FELLOW ROTARIANS have been liberal with encouragement. Here is a group of members of the Rotary Club of Goulburn and their ladies

felicitating Governor Smith at the time of his retirement. The picture was taken in front of the massive main gate of Goulburn Reformatory.

the gate to you. You've been suspended from duty."

That was the first intimation I had of my suspension. I turned around slowly and walked down the path . . . wet-faced. "Locked out from the men I love . . . Is this my reward in a fight for justice?" Once again I felt near defeat, but once again something roused me to fight. The Australian newspapers stood by me stanchly. I shall never forget them for it. Editorials came out with such trenchant words as: "Smith is trying to cast pearls before swine." . . . "Smith has performed the unforgivable crime of being progressive. He respects men, and it takes men to respect him for it."

THE public inquiry created a great stir in Australia. It decided in my favor. I was reinstated and was given charge of Goulburn Gaol, in which I was to be given greater latitude. On my first day the name was officially changed from Goulburn Gaol to Goulburn Reformatory and so the first reformatory in Australia was born. Only first offenders were to be sent to the Reformatory. At the same time it contained more prisoners under life sentence than any other prison. But here I could study each case. Though at times we had 300 prisoners, with a good staff we were able to treat them as individuals. If a man showed interest in reading, we provided the best books. High-school teachers came in the early evening to teach classes in economics, mathematics, French, and chemistry for long-sentence prisoners. "Boost the inmate's confidence in himself" was our aim. Give him the confidence to hold his head up to the world.

The study idea spread. Other prisoners asked for correspondence courses and became students of art, drawing, architecture, and engineering. One life-sentenced prisoner coached a group of his fellows in first aid. In an ambulance examination, 12 passed with honors, two with credit. There were no failures. This was a record for Australia.

But the most quoted case in my history of reform is that of Alister Jenner Clark, who, in 1928, was sentenced to the term of his

natural life for poisoning his wife. Locked up, he no longer wanted to live. One day after a prison concert by a visiting artist I called him to my office, told him I had noticed his interest in music, and offered to let him study. He had never thought about it, he said, but if I thought he could do it, he would try. I called another lifer to the office, explained the matter, and he volunteered to teach Clark the rudiments. A chaplain and Sisters of Mercy helped with lessons and loans of music and books.

Clark took the lessons in deep draughts and passed his teachers' limits in a few months. Experts advised that he study for Conservatorium examinations. Eventually he passed the highest with 99 percent, a record for a self-taught student of mature age. The examiners who visited the prison were deeply impressed, and their opinion spurred me to see that Clark was given every opportunity to develop. It was a battle against regulations to obtain two hours a day as a practice period, but we won through.

That man's future was of more consequence to me than regulations. I had a keyboard constructed in the prison workshop and placed in his cell so that he could run finger exercises at night. It made no noise and he would sit at it in the darkness, touching the keys and producing melodies that were heard only in his fertile mind. He has since studied other instruments and now conducts the prison orchestra which he formed. A small gramophone gives him knowledge of orchestras and instruments he has never seen. At present he is concentrating on composition. He has written concertos, waltzes, trios, and is working quietly at an opera.

One day music lovers of the world may listen to grand opera produced by a man who, according to law, is destined to remain until the day he dies behind the walls of an Australian prison. Stranger still, he is a man who did not know one note of music before his imprisonment.

And so the first eleven years of Australia's first reformatory have seen a great change in the lives of inmates. They have found purpose. They have been helped in

rebuilding their lives. There is one key to it all . . . diverting into constructive channels the mental energy and inventive genius which they once used in the pursuit of crime. I found my men needed advice. Of the thousands I have advised, I can remember only two asking for money. I have frequently restored domestic relationships. I have seen men set up again on their feet, and in my home I have photographs of their families, their homes, and records of their achievements.

I retired from my office because my age forced it. Age 65 is the end in the Australian public service. My heart was warm when the citizens of Goulburn presented me with an address, when the Rotary Club, the high school, several churches, the District Hospital, the country women's association, and my own staff said kind words.

But the finest tribute came from my men, the prisoners who were under my care. Some made little hand-polished wooden boxes, others painted pictures, some wrote poems, and all together they arranged a farewell concert with their own orchestra, choir, vocalists, and instrumental trios. Alister Jenner Clark was the organizer. He wrote a trio for the occasion and he presented me with the bound manuscript.

OTHER prisoners took months to prepare an illuminated address and in stark gold letters the cover reads, *Blessed Are the Peacemakers*. To this concert came 120 Rotarians and friends from distant parts of the State. The North Sydney and Manly Rotary Clubs came 140 miles in special coaches.

Sometime later the concert was broadcast. It was the first time prisoners ever "went on the air" in Australia. Clark played his own composition and the entire State was moved by the beauty and the tragedy of this voice from within the walls. One listener wrote immediately after the program offering the singer employment, but the reply was that the inmate was "in for life."

No, as I told the reporter, the last 37 years have not been happy ones. But, thank God, they have been worth it.



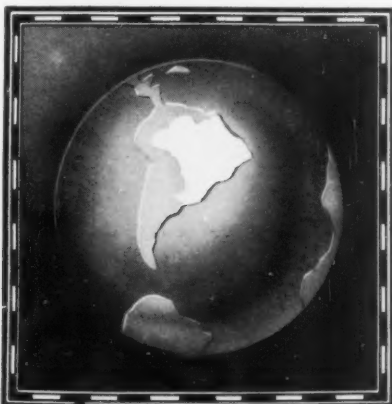
Maps by Helen Noel

BRAZIOLOGY? Never heard of it? If you're going to be among the thousands of Rotarians and their ladies attending the international Convention in Rio de Janeiro June 9 to 15, 1940, you'll want to enroll. Where? Just draw up your chair, and the class will get started on the first lesson.

Brazil is big! Its area is about 259,000 square miles larger than the continental United States of America, it nearly equals Canada, and it is almost as big as the remainder of South America combined. Got that? Point number one, then—it's big, very big!

Do you like questions and answers—the "Professor Quiz" sort of thing? All right. Here are the questions, but don't peek at the answers:

(1) How does the Amazon's length compare with the Mississippi's? (2) The population of Brazil with that of the United



States of America? (3) How many divorces are there? (4) What waterfalls is among Nature's most wonderful works?

(5) How much coffee does Brazil raise? (6) Name the chief imports and exports. (7) What is the language? (8) The form of government is patterned after what country? (9) What is the monetary unit? (10) Which is more popular, bullfighting or football? (11) Who is Getulio Vargas? (12) Who discovered Brazil? When? (13) Who was Dom Pedro? (14) How many Rotary Clubs has Brazil? (15) Which Club was first, and when was it founded?

Had enough? Now the answers: (1) Amazon, 3,900 miles; Mississippi, 2,470 miles. (2) Brazil, 42,395,151; United States of America, 128,429,000 (1936 estimate). (3) Divorces are forbidden. (4) Iguassu Falls, one of 378 capable of 50 million horsepower.

(5) Over two-thirds of the

world's supply. (6) Imports: gasoline, wheat, coal, textiles, machinery, glassware; exports: coffee, cotton, wax, maté, hard woods, meat, hides, wool, oranges, cacao, tobacco. (7) Portuguese. (8) Constitutional republic after United States of America. (9) The milreis, worth approximately 5 cents (U.S.A. currency).

(10) Soccer football. (11) President of Brazil. (12) Cabral in 1500. (13) Son of King John VI of Portugal, who was crowned Emperor of Brazil in 1822; abdicated in 1831 in favor of his son, Dom Pedro II, who was exiled in 1889 by the republican revolution. (14) Sixty-four Clubs. (15) Rio de Janeiro, your 1940 Convention Host Club, founded in 1922.

Like Brazilology? Those interested in further study of Brazil, its customs and its people, are referred to page 63 of the December ROTARIAN for additional reading suggestions.



Photo: Severin from P. P. C.



Photo: Ewing Galloway

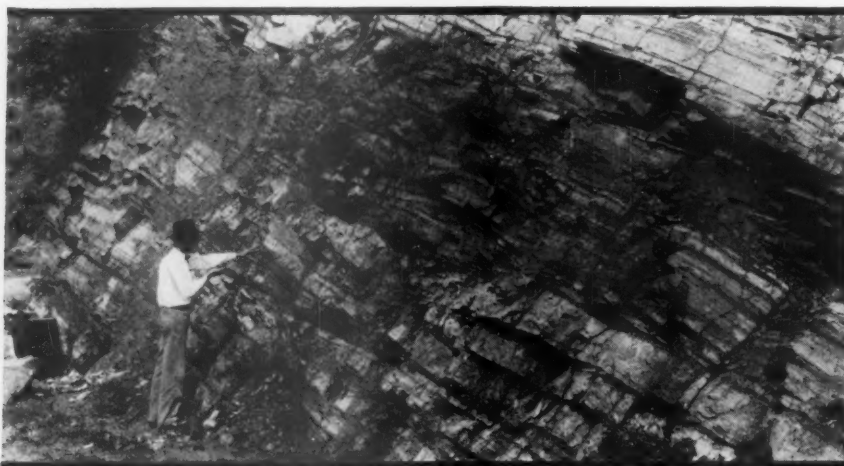
MATE, South America's native tea, is gaining popularity among Europeans and North Americans.

BANANAS? Yes! (left). And oranges? Brazil's orange exports in 1937 led those of the United States.



Photo: Burrows from Black Star

LIKE your hot coffee? Then you like the world's supply. A native belle (al



Photos: (above) James Sawders; (below) Berghaus from Black Star

MANGANESE, which outcrops (left) in Bahia, excites world interest as war rumbles abroad. Brazilian iron fields are the largest known, yet scarcely touched.

UNLOADING sugar cane (lower left) in Belém from boats to wagons. Economists claim that Brazil's diversified wealth could support some 800 million people.



Photos: (right) Severin from Black Star; (below) Ewing Galloway



ADVENTURES abound in steaming Amazon jungles. Explorers and guides (above) paddle up the world's longest river for glimpses of the little-known and



Then you like Brazil, which produces two-thirds of native belle (above) expertly strips beans from tree.



Photo: Palmer from Black Star

TAPPING a tree for latex (above). Cheaper East Indian rubber discourages most Brazilian growers.



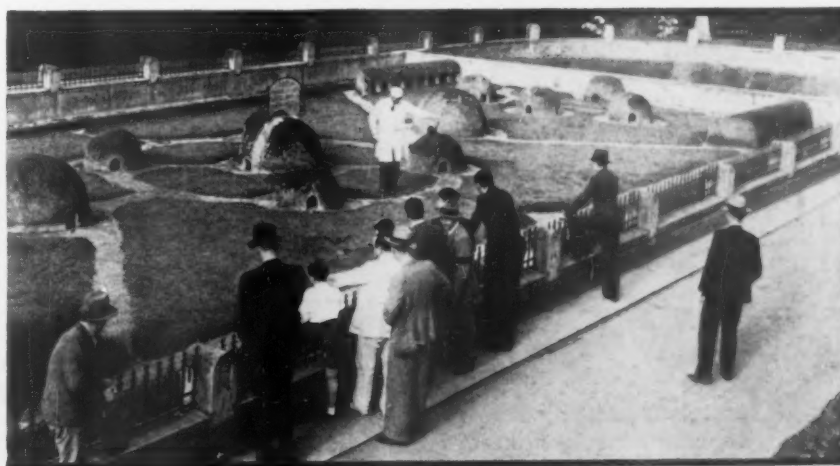
Photo: Berghaus from Black Star

"NICE fresh chewing tobacco?" this winsome Carmen (upper right) asks of visitors at Belém's market.



BRAZILIAN visitors thrill to this snake farm (right). A serum for snakebite is made from extracted venom, substantially reducing deaths among natives.

BALED cotton (lower right) in Campos. Once a negligible export, cotton now comprises 18 percent of trade, bringing Brazil 295 million dollars during 1938.

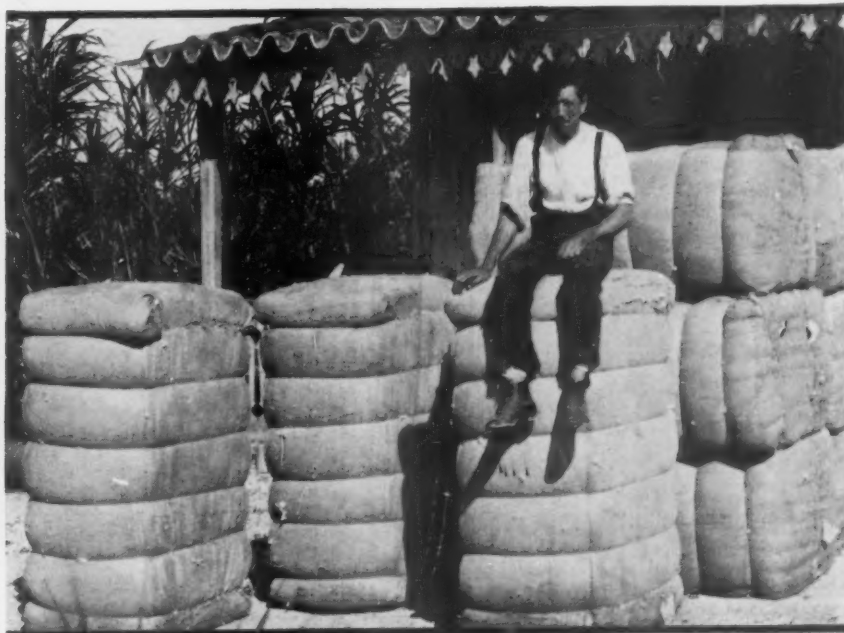


Photos: (above) James Sawders; (below) Pan American Union



n jungles. the world's town and

seldom-seen Brazil. Hunted for sport, the crocodiles (center above) literally swarm over the island of Marajó. Guns? It's more fun roping them à la cowboy.





A BIT of Committee harmony as Members Tiffany and Forbes raise rich baritones in a pertinent parody.



The Wake for Old Man Format

THAT whiskery old gentleman, the immediate past format of this magazine, is dead . . . and to shed a few crocodile tears therefor, members of the Magazine Committee and ROTARIAN staff folk recently held a party. Its mood was far from funereal, as these photos testify. Climax of the high jinks came in a clash between the new format and the old as puppets, the latter being booted out of sight and—almost—mind (above).



Photo: Steinbliss

BUMBLEBEE antennae and a set of wings, plus a personal buzzer system (note push button), proclaimed Magazine Committee Chairman Karstaedt as his Rotary Club's weekly bulletin.



Photo: Steinbliss

THEME of many a costume was the magazine business. This miss came in "a rejection slip" tagged *Nobody Loves Me*.



TENSE moment in a mock meeting of the Magazine Committee (above) as staged by young men of *The Rotarian* staff. The bursting strength of paper stock is about to be tested—with paper sacks on mutual heads. . . . (Below, left) The wife of the managing editor of *Revista Rotaria*, Spanish edition. . . . (Right) A belle of yesterday chaffs the business manager.



SHADES of the Old West! Chief Walter D. Head, Rotary's President, raises an ancient weapon (table fork) over Cowman Leland D. Case, editor, who draws a "six gun" (candle).



Photos: (all except as otherwise credited) Framberg

A Magazine Hand-Tailored for You

By Clinton F. Karstaedt

Chairman, Magazine Committee of Rotary International

Now, on its 29th birthday, *THE ROTARIAN* slips on a new suit—and its pattern is of the reader's own cutting.

OUR MAGAZINE, need I say, sports a new suit. Since you thumbed the last issue of *THE ROTARIAN*, the editorial and typographic tailors have turned it out in an almost complete change of apparel.

That word *change* stops me. It played an interesting part in a certain recent Rotary Club Committee meeting. The issue at the moment was: "Shall we stick to our present procedure on this matter—or change?" But no one could see either loss or gain in the proposed change—no one, that is, except one member. "Fellows," he said, "I favor the change. It may be no improvement, but it's different. I am for change every time it's possible."

Personally, I can't go along all the way with that theory. I doubt if change for change' sake is always wise, but I do concur with that old Greek philosopher who said: "Nothing is permanent but change." Certainly that has been Rotary's experience. Every day of its 35 years of life has recorded physical or ideological growth. And Rotary's official publication, this magazine, has consistently kept pace with the movement's changing phases.

Indeed, I do not think it is claiming too much to say that the

magazine is always to be found in the vanguard of Rotary thinking. Its popular debates-of-the-month are a case in point. For years Rotary Clubs had steered a wide course around the discussion of controversial subjects on their rostrums. They feared a split in Club unity and concord. Yet many Rotarians felt that many subjects on which there were differences of opinion should be aired freely but calmly in the name of enlightened understanding.

How to do it?

About seven years ago *THE ROTARIAN* proposed to present a debate on Government regulation of farm products. "You can't do that," some Rotarians advised, "—unless you want to cause a schism." But others counselled putting the idea to a trial. The debate appeared, won approval and almost no criticism, and cleared the way for what is easily your magazine's most popular and perhaps most valuable monthly feature.

The matter didn't end there. Seeing controversial subjects debated dispassionately and studiously in their magazine, Rotary Clubs throughout North America, and then in other countries (Australia, Belgium, and New Zealand, to name but a few), began to carry

these discussions into their meetings. *THE ROTARIAN*, many of them have acknowledged, gave them the method.

Introducing pro-and-con discussion to its pages was a change of policy, not of physical make-up—but this issue brings you a, may I say, corporeal change: a new format built upon some new editorial patterns. What does that mean to the reader? Why were the changes made? To tell these things is the purpose of this article. So—to my telling.

Your editors, Reader Bill, know you pretty well. As a matter of fact, studying you and your likes and dislikes is something of a hobby—no, more of a precise science with them. You are middle aged, in your late 40's on an average, they have found. You own your own home, 85 chances out of 100; probably have a middle- or better-priced car in your garage; like to go fishing, golfing, or hunting. You're an employer, nine times out of ten; buy on an average of 15 books each year; and it's almost an even bet that you've travelled on an ocean liner for business or for pleasure.

You live mainly in small cities and towns, and you are busy . . . with your job, your family, your church, fraternal order, business—

THE "go ahead" signal on plans for restyling *The Rotarian* came from this Magazine Committee meeting last July. Left to right: G. Ramirez Brown, Nicaragua, Rotary's Second Vice-President; Richard R. Currie, South Africa, an international Director; Chairman Karstaedt, U. S. A.; Stanley C. Forbes, Canada; J. Raymond Tiffany, U. S. A.; Chesley R. Perry, Rotary's Secretary and founder of its magazine.



men's association, your hobby, and perhaps one or two or half a dozen corporation directorships. Not to mention the two or three hourly slices you give your Rotary Club each week. You are busy—even when business is bad. Patently, you haven't much time for reading.

A certain statistician, you may have read, estimates that the average businessman spends only 40 minutes each day in reading (he's a little high, isn't he?). In that 40 minutes you must page through your newspaper, start that book your wife says "you just *must* read," thumb through your trade and professional journals, and catch up with the serial in that magazine you've been taking for so many years.

How, then, can THE ROTARIAN possibly elbow its way into those 40 crowded minutes? Well, first of all you have a warm feeling for your own Rotary Club and a certain real pride in its affiliation with an international organization that stands for some wholesome and inspiring objects. Thus, when you see Rotary's magazine at your elbow, your subconscious tells you that here is something that stands for you as a Rotarian, for your Club, and for Rotary International. And so you pick it up out of a sense of loyalty—and then you read it because you like it. Perhaps you are like a Rotary friend of mine. He says, "At long last I have discovered THE ROTARIAN."

It is no accident that the curve of reader interest in THE ROTARIAN is consistently upward. Our editors are learning more and more about our tastes, and are finding more and more effective ways of satisfying them. About ten years ago they started a sampling system which has sent the editors themselves, not some disinterested note taker, into scores of Rotary communities, there to interview every Rotarian available on his opinions about his magazine. What kind of article he prefers, what other magazines he reads—facts like these grow out of these chats and become guideposts to the editors when they return to their desks.

"Give us more sports and humor!" one interviewee may say.

The National Rotarian

The National Rotarian

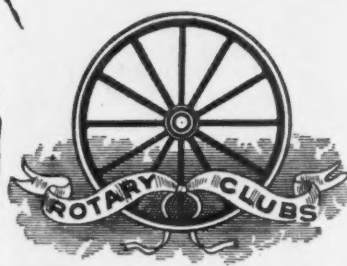
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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF



At Last!

"Well, if here isn't THE NATIONAL ROTARIAN—I thought it never was coming out—and in a new dress—magazine style and size; well, well!"

I trust that many will be pleasantly surprised with this first issue of the second volume of the Rotary periodical. It has been a hard matter to get the magazine started in its new form—or at least for the Editor to get into form to get started—but now we are off and we will try to give you your money's worth before the year is up.

It would be fine to write and publish an inspiring editorial for this first issue but even if I could I haven't the time—and besides Presidents Harris and Collins and others have let their voices ring out good and clear with uplifting messages in these pages and if you need inspiration just turn back the leaves and read anywhere and you'll find it.

Here's hoping we can keep it up every month!

THE 1912 CONVENTION

At the Portland Rotary convention of this year invitations to hold the next annual convention in Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Duluth and St. Louis were presented by the delegations from the respective cities. (Chicago's invitation was not to show that the city is...)

THE ROTARIAN made its bow in a magazine format in November, 1911. The editorial—from the pen of Chesley R. Perry, the first editor and Rotary's long-time Secretary—chronicled the change. The "press run" was about 4,000 copies, is now some 175,000.

Incidentally, the wheel emblem above is an interesting bit of Rotariania. Originally it stood for the Chicago Rotary Club, but later the National Association borrowed it, deleted "Chicago," and plugged an "S" into the design to pluralize the word "Club."

"Articles on economics and international affairs for me," may be his business neighbor's choice. A friend farther up the street feels that "that personal-development stuff you run is dry. Why use it?" But his Rotary bowling partner may counter that "philosophical articles like those of Abbé Dimnet and Ortega y Gasset are my meat."

No, there is no such thing as a typical ROTARIAN reader. Our magazine's audience stretches from the man whose only reading is detective stories and western thrillers to the man who reads nothing but "quality stuff" with a big Q and dwells in the plane of the higher criticism.

It's your editors' assignment to see that something in each issue catches the eye of both these men—and the thousands in between. A job, in any man's language. How is it going?

Very well indeed, the statistics say. But doctors, lawyers, schoolmen, and other professional men are more consistent and more thorough readers, perhaps, than hotel men, wholesalers, and druggists. How to hold the first group and still intensify the appeal to the latter? Chatting with some of them reveals that they do find time at least to page through the new pictorial magazines.

Would more photographs in THE ROTARIAN draw them into the growing circle of real readers? Your editors are going to find out. Four stories in this issue are told almost exclusively through photographs and I believe they are told fully as effectively as they could have been with words. That's one of the new editorial techniques you're to encounter monthly in your new ROTARIAN. One picture, the Chinese say, is worth 1,000 words. Or 10,000.

Rotarians wear glasses. Look around the room at your Club's next luncheon. More than half, maybe three-fourths, of the men will have glasses on their noses or in their pockets. This is but one of the things we have had to consider in our grass-roots approach to the problem of restyling our magazine. Bespectacled eyes call for a type face of maximum legibility—so from now on it's Linotype Paragon of the famous

BETWEEN the little 12-page newspaper that was the first issue of *The Rotarian* and the modernized magazine you have in your hands lie three decades of change. These covers give evidence of that evolution.

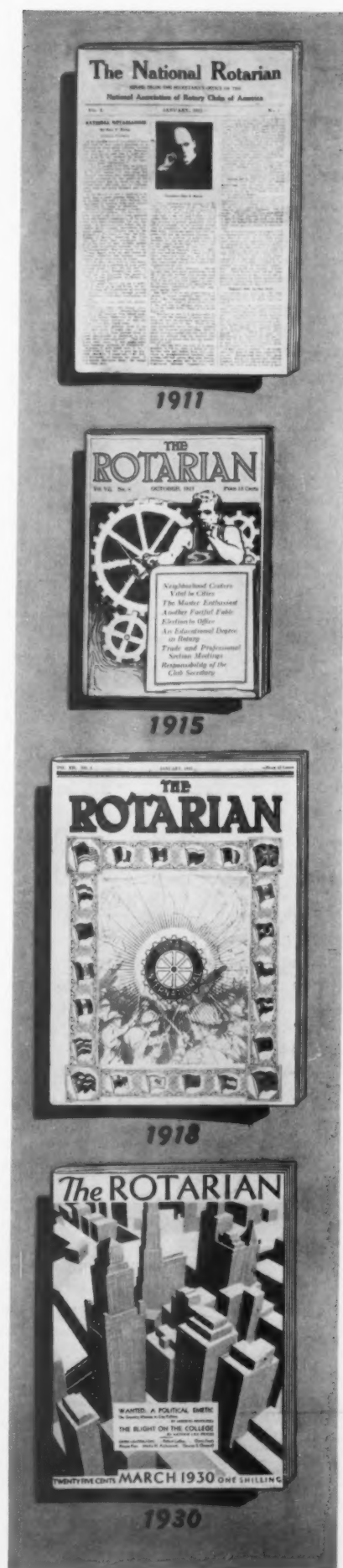
"legibility group" and thus one of the five perhaps most legible body-type faces extant. THE ROTARIAN, I am advised, is as far as is known "the first magazine of national [actually international] circulation to use Paragon for its body matter."

But this is only one innovation. The restyled cover is another. This month a direct color photo is reproduced in four colors by a process of offset lithography known as Deepstone.

Reconceived departments and several new features constitute another new aspect. *Peeps at Things to Come* is a newcomer, a department wherein each month an eminent scientist will bring readers abreast of current inventions and technological developments which will be the grist of the businessman's mills tomorrow. A *Rotary Roundtable* asks and answers some fundamental questions about Rotary policy, organization, and aim. It is a pleasure to record that twinkle-eyed, warm-natured William Lyon ("Billy") Phelps will continue his monthly column of book and play reviews. Here's a Rotarian writing for Rotarians . . . and jogging them into some worth-while and entertaining reading.

These are but a few of the many things to look for. Suffice it to say that these 64 pages came through a threshing months long and represent a complete rethinking of the purpose of THE ROTARIAN.

Just 29 years ago this month Chesley R. Perry, Secretary of the then new National Association of Rotary Clubs, got out the first copy of THE ROTARIAN (then called *The National Rotarian*). It was a 12-page newspaper that carried a message from Founder Paul Harris and Club news accumulated in the early months of the Association's existence. The function of the magazine has not changed much in three decades—except that its force as a Rotary educational medium has become more and more apparent and so has won increasing emphasis.



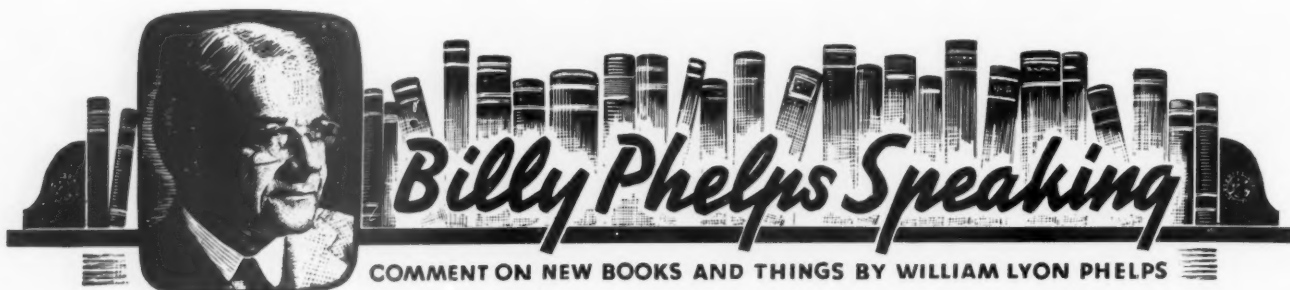
Take any issue, and you will find it cobwebbed with Rotary; not always by name, of course, but the stuff is there, infiltrating through articles that catch interest because they are keyed to matters that concern Rotarians as citizens, and as business or professional men.

When old Chautauquaman George E. Vincent writes as he does in these pages about *The Larger Selfishness*, it puts no strain on the imagination to see the parallel between what he is talking about and that "enlightened self-interest" Rotarians discuss. When an Australian prison warden describes his 37-year fight for the human rights of men locked up for life, Rotary rings in every syllable. No, no publication that I know is more efficacious in putting over the ideas and ideals of its sponsoring organization.

Frankly, I am proud of our magazine. I think it has made tremendously important contributions to Rotary methods and thought, and the earnest endeavor of the magazine is that it shall continue to do so. The changes which this issue brings are, I trust, another step ahead in the efforts of our magazine to be of maximum service to Rotary.

One night not many weeks ago some of your Magazine Committeemen and the staff folk of THE ROTARIAN gathered to bewail the passing of the old format and to celebrate the coming of the new (see page 34). I wish the 175,000 editors of this magazine might have peeked in on the jollity for, to me, it seemed like that much deserved sigh one gives off after a good job well done. Though the mood of the evening was lightness itself, certain moments in it gave hint of the physical effort and the brain cudgelling that remaking THE ROTARIAN demanded.

But what do I mean by "the 175,000 editors"? I mean you and You and YOU—THE ROTARIAN's subscribers around the world. In a very real way you hold the blue pencil, accept and reject manuscripts, and read the proofs. And it is now the pleasure of the Magazine Committee and of the staff to deliver to your hands a fresh copy of the new ROTARIAN. We await your final O.K.



THE distinguished English novelist W. Somerset Maugham has written *Christmas Holiday*, a story which reveals his skill in construction, in the portrayal of character, and in the economy of style; by the last I mean simple, straightforward prose, with hardly a superfluous word. But this is not designed as a gift book for Christmas; and what a curious way of spending the Christmas holidays, if we judge it by the customs generally prevailing before 1914.

I do not know the English people nearly so well as Mr. Maugham; it might therefore be an impertinence for me to say that the father and mother of the boy in the last chapter impress me as not being true to the average British family. Perhaps it is simply that in my own mind they do not harmonize with the tune I expected.

In what I am now about to say, I am not criticizing Mr. Maugham or his novel adversely; but, rather, the implications that the kind of "real life" here presented is more exciting than the kind of life the English boy had chronically at home. The implication seems to be that life in night clubs, and in disreputable houses and resorts, and among "disreputable" people is more exciting than the life of respectable activities and with people who live decently and in order. Such an implication seems to me erroneous and its error worth emphasizing. To me night clubs, disreputable resorts, male and female toughs and bums are the very last word in boredom. Such people are decidedly more dull and tiresome than almost any other class one can imagine. To me everyday life, lived among intelligent people engaged in respectable activities, is really exciting. The common mental association of decency with dullness and dissipation with excitement is fallacious. It depends, of course, on the individual; I have always found that individuals who are more interested in the mind than in the body are also more interesting to meet.

Last year I read a novel which compared two women who were neighbors. One had a good home, a good husband, and three or four children; the other had no husband, no children, but a succession of temporary male companions. There was no doubt in my mind that

(wholly apart from morality) the former's life was far more exciting.

* * *

Alfred Noyes has written a charming book, part poetry, part prose, about his lovely home and garden on the south side of the Isle of Wight. This is particularly appealing to me, for I spent a day in this very garden, in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Noyes and their adorable children; even if I had never been there, I should have found the book irresistible. The title is *Orchard's Bay*.

* * *

Synchronously comes a book from the poet laureate John Masefield; and it may be remembered that the finest poem that came out of the World War was written by him and called *August, 1914*. Its beauty was unmarred because it contained no word of hatred. Well, the new book is one of healing in the midst of violence, and I am sure it makes for civilization in thought and for beauty in language. I have said that I would not discuss the war in these pages and I am not now and shall not; but a poem or a piece of music or a play or a work of pictorial art is additionally impressive in such times as these. Old Tom Fuller in the civil war in England in the 17th Century wrote a book called *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*. And a famous poet who can produce harmonies in the midst of discords is worth attention. The title is *Some Verses to Some Germans*.

* * *

THE Irishman Oliver St. John Gogarty is a physician, a poet, a novelist, an essayist, a humorist, a statesman, and also an airman. Scores of times he has piloted his own plane into the sky; and on one occasion his machine when far aloft was struck by lightning, which reminds us of the Homeric age, when Zeus occasionally aimed a thunderbolt at a charioteer. Dr. Gogarty recently arrived in the United States by clipper from Ireland; and, owing to steady following east wind and the fact that he was gaining time by travelling west, the actual flight over the ocean took only about 24 hours. He told me it seemed rather monotonous. He is a conversationalist of the first class, and this is what makes his books so diverting, for his latest

volume, *Tumbling in the Hay*, is simply good talk in print. His experiences in the hospital and the original characters he met there and elsewhere are more than rewarding.

* * *

A charming autobiography by a Southern gentleman is *Son of Carolina*, by Augustus White Long. Dr. Long was born in the South and remembers vividly the last days of the Confederacy; and although he pursued graduate studies at Harvard (frequently catching up with them) and taught for a number of years at Princeton, his heart has always been in the South, where he is living now. He is broad-minded and surveys life without prejudices; he loves and understands colored people, he recognizes the Yankee point of view, he loves learning and culture, he has an old head and a young heart.

* * *

I am not astonished that *Country Lawyer*, by Bellamy Partridge, is one of the best sellers in America and has been so for many months. It is not merely the life history of an able lawyer in a small town; it is also the history of a kind of town that is rapidly disappearing and may become obsolete. Whether there is or is not a development observable in the history of the world, so that students may be able not only to describe the advance of man and of what is sometimes called civilization, but also to formulate a philosophy of history, one thing appears to me certain: *every gain is accompanied by loss*. And I suppose extreme political radicals contemplate only the gain, whilst the extreme conservatives contemplate only the loss.

This makes it difficult to say positively whether human happiness is or is not on the increase. All we know is that the capacity of the human mind, natural intelligence, has not increased at all in 40,000 years; and, incidentally, it is interesting to remember that individuals do not live any longer than they did thousands of years ago. Consider the famous text in the 90th Psalm.

Still, I believe that if the average person were asked today, "Would you prefer to live as they did in the 18th Century, without railways, automobiles, telephones, radios, etc.?" the answer

would be a very emphatic negative.

The small town in America had certain advantages that modern improvements and inventions have taken away. Tranquillity, intimacy among the inhabitants, pleasant isolation, have vanished; the increased tempo of daily living has substituted excitement for peace, and which of these two things one prefers depends perhaps on temperament.

Country Lawyer is a perfect picture of the town of Phelps, New York, but, as the author says, it might have been any one of a very large number of towns in various parts of the United States. Phelps is in the middle of the finger-lake district of the State of New York. Curiously enough, Mr. Partridge several times mentions a family named Cosad. Well, when I was a junior in



Courtesy, Whittlesey House

The country lawyer makes his plea for his friend Billings—his first big case.

college, returning on the train from Michigan to Connecticut, an undergraduate in the class below mine got on the express somewhere near Rochester and we fell into conversation. I was interested when he said he lived in a town called Phelps; and his name was Cosad. I am sorry he is no longer living, for he would certainly enjoy reading *Country Lawyer*.

I have been in many of the neighboring towns. I have addressed the Rotary Club of Penn Yan, I have lectured in Geneva, at Cornell, at Wells College, at Keuka, and when I was in Geneva, why in the world did I not proceed to Phelps? The next time I am in that district, I shall repair the omission. Doubtless many pilgrims have already journeyed thither, inspired by this book.

Another reason for the immense and well-deserved success of *Country Lawyer* is that apart from the perfect picture of the small town, its chapters form a succession of exciting short stories, well worth reading.

One of the innumerable advantages and blessings of Rotary is that by draw-

ing together representatives of all occupations in innumerable small towns, it has brought back in a new form the affectionate intimacies characteristic of earlier days.

• • •

Among the mystery stories, let me recommend *Gunston Cotton, Secret Airman*, by Rupert Grayson. I have read several previous stories with the same hero and by the same author; they are all good and so is this. And here I recommend (and only to those who are extremely well read) the most high-brow murder story I have ever known, seen, or heard of. It is called *The Spider Strikes*. The author is an Oxford don, writes under the assumed name of Michael Innes, and his previous murder books are *Hamlet, Revenge!*, *Seven Suspects*, and *Lament for a Maker*. I deserve no credit for my admiration for this writer, for he is right up my alley; he alludes to things and authors that belong to my profession as a literary man. Thus I cannot recommend his works for all classes of readers, any more than I myself could easily read a story that concerned itself with chemistry. But to Rotarians who are deeply read, and who admire complete intellectual maturity, Michael Innes is your man.

• • •

The accomplished American novelist Mary Ellen Chase, author of *Dawn in Lyonesse* and many other excellent books, has been a teacher in school or college since she was in her teens; and *A Goodly Fellowship* is her brief autobiography as a teacher. I like this book because it is honest, because it is well written, because it expresses a daily, effervescent, exuberant happiness.

Like every great teacher, she loves the subject and the object. By the subject I mean the thing she teaches, which in her case is English, and by the object I mean the young people she teaches. I suggest that not only the good fellowship of teachers, but also all parents and nearly everybody else will find this little book exciting. She has taught rural village schools in Maine, she has taught country schools in Wisconsin, she has taught in the city of Chicago, she has taught at the University of Minnesota, and for a number of years she has taught and is teaching now at Smith College in Massachusetts. She knows that the qualities essential in a good teacher are an adequate knowledge of the subject taught, plenty of common-sense, a natural love of and sympathy with youth, immense mental vitality, and enthusiasm; that these qualities cannot be acquired by taking courses in "education" or in psychology.

Teaching is an art, not a science. I regard teaching

In cities and in quiet villages Mary Ellen Chase has found goodly fellowship.

as adventurous, exciting, thrilling; once in the classroom the teacher can think of nothing else; he is as exclusively "on the job" as is a pilot taking a ship through a perilous channel. This is one of many reasons why the good teacher is so happy, for all personal worries and troubles are completely forgotten.

• • •

Chins Up!, with the secondary title *Short Stories with Long Morals, A way of thinking that will lead to happiness and success*, is written by a woman from Atlanta, Georgia, who is the wife of one Rotarian (Paul B.) and the mother of another (Paul V.), and her name is Mildred Seydell. I recommend this work not only for the cleverness of the short stories (she teaches by parables), but also because in a book of 99 pages there are 58 stories. Some of these will hit every reader in a vulnerable spot.

• • •

Among the top flight of American books for children, I wish particularly to recommend a series of illustrated volumes written by Paul Titus Gilbert. The printed stories and the accompanying illustrations will delight every normal child, and I don't believe that any adult will be able to stop reading them, having once begun to do so. The series is concerned with an imaginary character called Bertram; the latest one, and surely, I hope, not the last, is *With Bertram in Africa*. Don't miss it!

• • •

Which books did I enjoy most in 1939? I'll tell you about them next month. Ten fiction books and ten nonfiction make up the list.

• • •

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:
Country Lawyer. Bellamy Partridge. Whittlesey House. \$2.75.—*Christmas Holiday*. W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.—*A Goodly Fellowship*. Mary Ellen Chase. Macmillan. \$2.50.—*Son of Carolina*. Augustus White Long. Duke University Press. \$3.—*Orchard's Bay*. Alfred Noyes. Sheed & Ward. \$2.50.—*Some Verses to Some Germans*. John Masefield. Macmillan. 60c.—*Tumbling in the Hay*. Oliver St. John Gogarty. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.50.—*Gunston Cotton, Secret Airman*. Rupert Grayson. Dutton. \$2.—*The Spider Strikes*. Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.—*Chins Up!* Mildred Seydell. Grosset & Dunlap. \$1.—*With Bertram in Africa*. Paul Titus Gilbert. Rand, McNally. \$1.



Courtesy, Macmillan



HERE'S Leon Kahn, who gets as many thrills from his oboe as the lad on the cover gets from puffing on his big tuba.

PRACTICE makes perfect even for drum majors! Novices (bottom) start their musical education on tuneful "tonettes."

Tootin' for Fun!

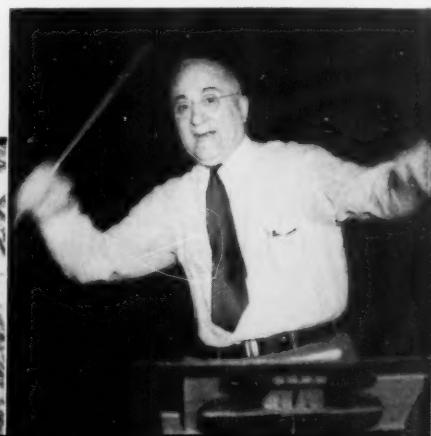
BREATHES there a man with soul so dead whose pulse hasn't quickened at the words "Strike up the band!"? Few Rotarians are so lacking—if one may judge from the popularity of band sponsorship as a Rotary Club activity.

Statistics are incomplete, but several hundred Rotary Clubs in many lands in some measure are aiding boys and girls to learn the delights of music through participation. Usually this support is delivered through school musical organizations. Sometimes it is in the form of uniforms, often in sponsoring concerts or underwriting trips to contests. But however it's done, it's the principle of the thing that counts—and merits a pat on the back here.

How to tell the story of this Rotary activity? Obviously, it is impossible in permissible limits to report adequately. So, one instance of it was selected—the fine and typical work of the Rotary Club of Sebring, Florida. It began back in 1926 when Rotarian P. J. Gustat organized the high-school band with the aid of fellow Rotarians, who underwrote the project for \$3,000, actually paying \$1,800 of this amount. The Club has continued its support by presenting benefit minstrel shows and by outright donations for new instruments, uniforms, and music. Budgeted annually by the Club is \$100, and Rotarians as individuals assist, too. All this makes possible a band which has many times won State as well as national honors.

DIRECTOR Gustat reaching for a climax (right) as he directs his protégés in one of their innumerable rehearsals. His enthusiastic leadership makes tooting fun—but serious lessons are learned, too. Virtuosos? He's better pleased if many youngsters love good music!

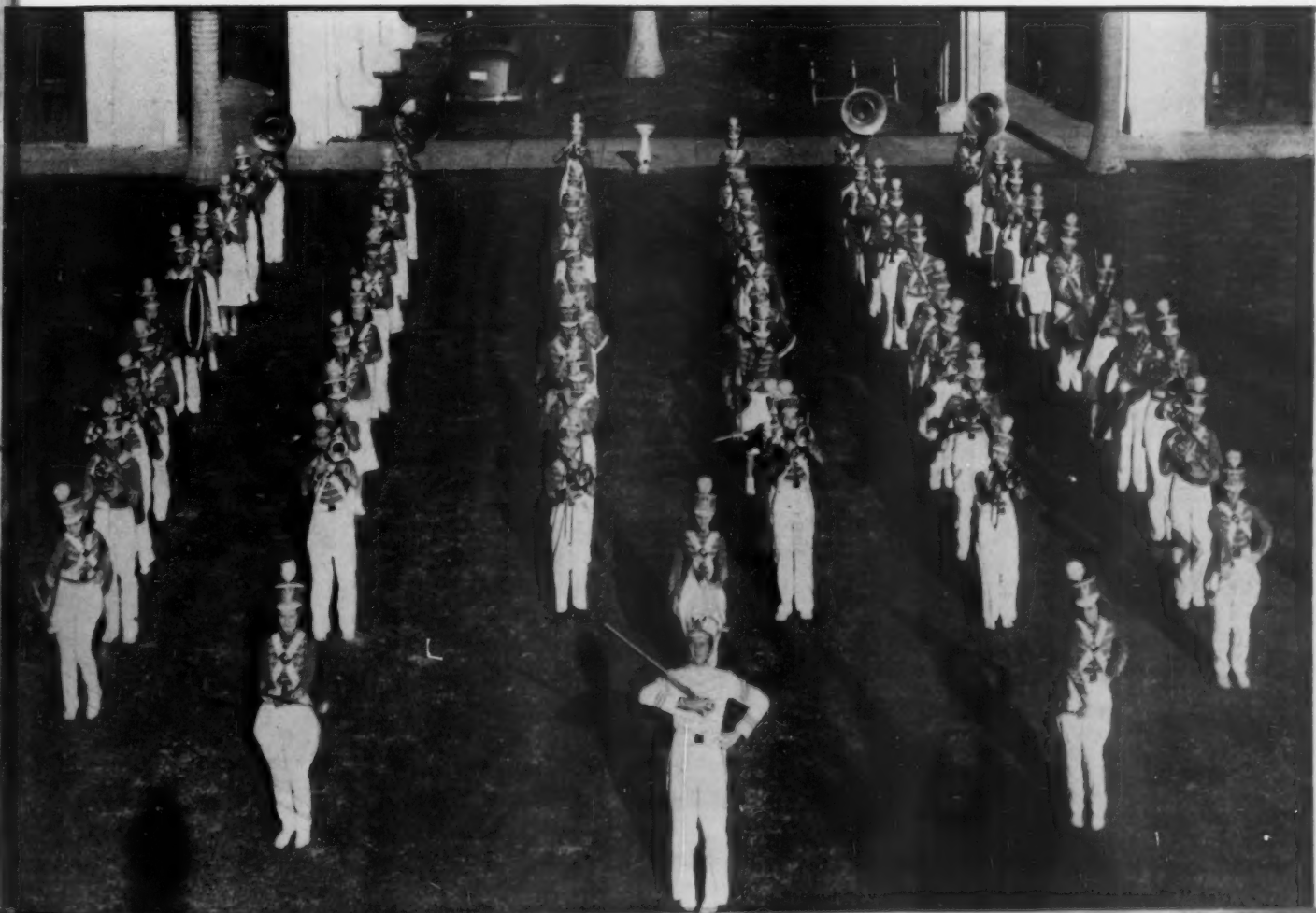
All photos: Woods





LIFE'S a funny thing! Tiny Delbert Fann is engulfed by the band's biggest horn; lanky Bird Crawford tweets a midget piccolo. And there you have "the long and short of it" in tootin' for fun.

BATHING suits and blue lagoons may be a "plug" for Florida, but Sebringers report that practicing and swimming do go hand in hand. The entire band in "full dress" parades to a martial tune (below).





ROTARIAN-DIRECTOR Gustat seeks widest possible musical participation among students—hence the various types of organi-

zations. "The Jumpin' Jives," Sebring High School's "swing" dance band (above), contribute to the social life of the students.



WHO wouldn't sit—or stand!—up when this young lady (above) smiles through a number?

ANOTHER Gustat organization (below), this time the mixed chorus—the band's vocalists.



FIRST-division winners in State and national contests, these "alumni" (above) may well congratulate each other on the college scholarships they've won and the training for life they've received as band participants. Graduates have won \$100,000 in scholarships! George E. Sebring, III (right), outstanding artist, displays medals to be won by application of the lessons learned with a horn in hand.



PEEPS into the future—at “things as yet not come to life, which in their seeds and weak beginnings lie intresured.”

We shall chat about the most fascinating things in the world, the searchings of scientists that will tomorrow be the commonplaces of life. Some of our inquiries will give us glimpses of developments already useful, the treasure trove of science put to work. Elsewhere we shall encounter commonplaces given new significance by the penetrating analysis of enlightened reason seeking the why and the how of Nature's secrets. New things we shall meet, the like of which never before existed on land or sea or in the air, some of them weird concoctions that stir imagination.

We begin with vitamins because you had some at breakfast, as you have had at every meal you have ever eaten.

* * *

Vivacious Vitamins. Not until 1911 did the belief that foods contained something other than nutriment crystallize and these food essentials received a name. Then Casimir Funk, a Polish chemist, called these essential, but still unknown, factors in foods, vitamins. Laboratory-made vitamins are already beginning to be more or less commonplace—and wide new fields of usefulness are opening. (See page 18.)

Vitamin C—or ascorbic acid, as it is more properly called—has a remarkable power of preventing fats from becoming rancid, according to a recent United States patent. It can be put into butter in a way that orange juice, the best natural source, could not. The amount needed is too small to be detectable by tasting the butter.

Another synthetic vitamin, B₁, now known as Thiamin, stimulates the growth of roots of plants. Similarly, other vitamins seem to be formed in plants for the plant's own good and not simply to make them better for humans to eat. It is even possible that traces of vitamins will be fed to sickly plants in the commercial fertilizers of the not-too-distant future for the purpose of promoting and controlling their growth.



PEEPS-man D. H. Killeffer, consultant in public relations and chemistry, author of *Eminent American Chemists*, contributing editor of widely read scientific publications.

PEEPS at things to come

Scientific discoveries and their applications of special interest to the business and professional man. Address inquiries to: D. H. Killeffer, Peeps Department, ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

Armored Paper. Books, at least some of them, contain thoughts worth preserving long beyond the ordinary life of paper. That has suggested armoring their pages with transparent flexible sheets of some of the newer synthetic materials. Already cellulose acetate, familiar in certain rayon fabrics and in the protective layer in some safety glasses, is being applied commercially to the pages of books and valuable documents in layers much thinner than the paper itself. The process is more expensive than surface coating with lacquer or varnish already widely used for decorative effect on printed matter, but is said to have advantages where wear is likely to be excessive.

Cheaper Molds. Modern industry molds immense numbers of useful articles from synthetic plastics. To avoid machining steel for making the molds, a new method of duplicating models has been developed which depends on electroplating. The original can be cut from almost any convenient material, wax, wood, stone, rubber, metal, or even a plastic material. The pattern is then treated to make its surface electrically conducting and a heavy coating of iron is plated upon it in a special electroforming bath.

This new process is distinguished from that of ordinary electroplating by the fact that layers of iron produced are three-eighths of an inch or so thick instead of thousandths or fractions of thousandths of an inch thickness of customary electroplates. After the iron is formed, it can be hardened by the usual methods if necessary.

The method was developed primarily to make molds for rubber tires, but it is already proving valuable in many other applications.

Electric Ears. The noise of grinding has been put to useful work, which is more than can be said of the squeals of pigs wasted in slaughterhouses. Mills sound differently at different parts of their cycle of operations. Lately, sound-measuring devices have reached such a high state of development that one of them has been adapted to control grinding mills and adjust the feed of coarse material to give constant operation at the highest efficiency. The average output of a mill may be increased by as much as 40 percent by thus substituting an infallible “electric ear” for those of a human operator.

Milk Goes Chemical. About 40 billion pounds of skimmed milk is estimated by the United States Department of Agriculture to be the available annual surplus in the United States after all

present demands are supplied. This could be made to yield about one billion pounds of casein, or enough to supply half the world's demand for rayon. The whey from this milk contains more than 2 billion pounds of milk sugar, and another 400 million pounds can be had from the whey of cheese factories.

A reasonably satisfactory substitute for wool can also be made from casein, and it is much more like wool than rayon is like silk. Already many investigations are bearing fruit in the form of patents on processes for this purpose and preliminary announcements suggest that the American product may be superior to the one widely used in Italy, where wool is more expensive. The problems yet to be solved are more economic than technological.

The lactose (milk sugar) from the whey left over in casein manufacture is a useful sweetening agent and lactic acid made by fermenting it is widely used industrially. Lactic acid can be used in food products and in dyeing, tanning, and various chemical manufactures. Plastics, solvents, and paints are made from the chemical derivatives of lactic acid. Research on wider applications of these derivatives is proceeding actively.

Now, Exterior Decorating. Castor oil, which stepped off the medicine shelf to lubricate early airplane engines, is now threatening to replace tung oil in paint vehicles. Simple chemical treatment converts this tasty purgative into an oil which serves many of the purposes of tung oil in paints and varnishes. Perhaps it may upset the Orient's near monopoly on this essential paint oil.

Glass Is Versatile. Glass fiber known as “Fiberglas” has been on the market for only a year, but has proved so useful that some 565 applications have been found. These range from heat insulation for homes and electrical insulation for the windings of motors and dynamos to glass neckties of a decorative value approaching that of silk.

Helium Hopes. Liquid helium, which is just about the coldest thing we know (it can exist only at temperatures around 452° below zero), has the peculiar property of creeping up the walls of a glass vessel in which it may be kept. Indeed, it creeps so eagerly that it is likely to creep clear over the top edge and flow away. This has annoyed scientists, who have used liquid helium to produce extremely low temperatures, and, if it annoys them enough, some good may yet come of it. Helium, of course, is ordinarily a gas, and its most spectacular use is for filling balloons.



HELPER of the late James W. Davidson in starting Rotary in Australia was Col. Jas. Layton Ralston (above), now Minister of Finance for Canada.

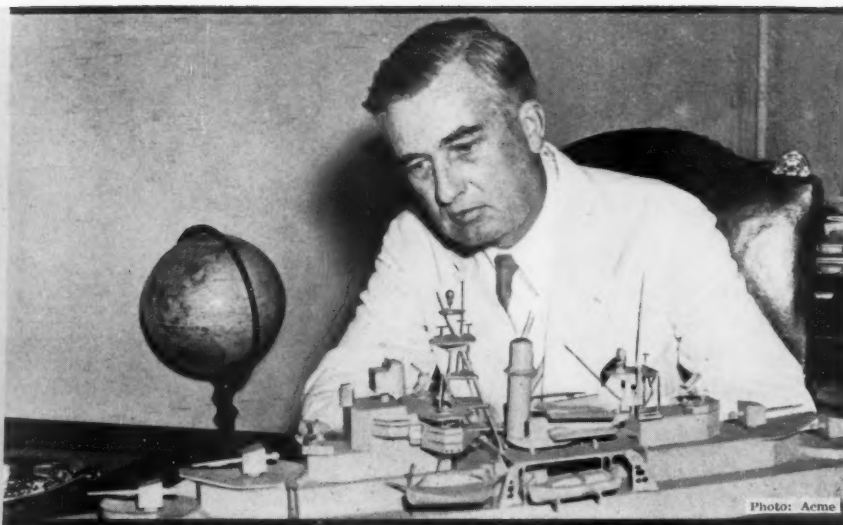


Photo: Acme

INSPECTING a ship model (above) is Charles Edison, of West Orange, N. J., son of the distinguished inventor, Thomas A., now Acting Secretary of the U. S. Navy Department.

Rotarians in the News



CANADA'S first High Commissioner to Australia is Charles J. Burchell (above). He's a Past Rotary District Governor and a Past Vice-President.

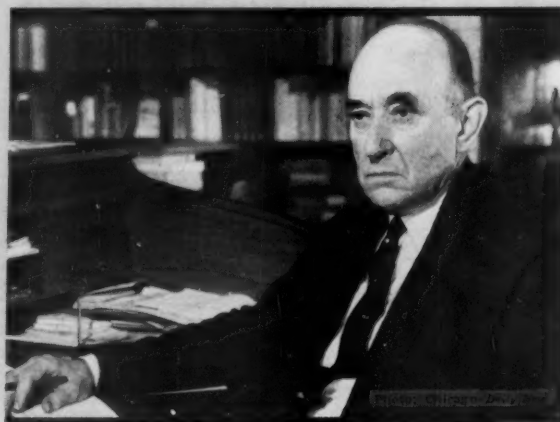


THE camera catches Robert M. Hanes (third from right above), of Winston-Salem, N. C., at a fête after his election to the American Bankers' Association presidency. Others, left to right, are Rotarians R. L. Pope, J. N. Weeks, H. E. Rondthaler, Past District Governor.



FRESH from Yale-in-China, Dr. Francis S. Hutchins (left), a brother of the president of Chicago University, becomes head of Kentucky's Berea College by succeeding his father.

FIFTY-THREE years ago, Dr. Carl B. Roden (right) began work in Chicago's public library. He's the chief librarian now; the 1939 winner of the Adult Education Council award.



1940 Convention
Rio de Janeiro,
Brazil
June 9-15

Rotary Reporter

A little news magazine of and for Rotary International

5,024 Rotary Club
(57 since July 1)
209,050
Rotarians

Town Meeting to Chicago

The first 1940 out-of-New York broadcast of "America's Town Meeting of the Air" will be presented from Chicago's Civic Opera Building on February 22 (8:30 P.M., CST) under the auspices of the Chicago Rotary Club. Employer-employee relations is the theme of the program, which will be broadcast over 80 regular and five short-wave radio stations.

"This," suggests Committee Chairman William Ayer McKinney, of the Chicago Rotary Club, "offers a rare opportunity for Clubs to sponsor listening-in 'fireside' meetings at members' homes as a part of their Rotary Observance Week programs."

Several distinguished speakers, including a Past President of Rotary International, are being scheduled. Through President Walter D. Head, Rotary International has pledged cooperation.

Admission to the auditorium, scene of the broadcast, will be by invitation. An effort will be made to assure a well-balanced representation of employers, employees, labor, and the public. No tickets will be for sale.

Orchids to These 23 Clubs!

A hearty welcome to the following 23 new Rotary Clubs recently admitted to membership in Rotary International:

La Rioja, Argentina; Passo Fundo, Brazil; Rio Cuarto, Argentina; Temple, Okla.; Townsend, Mont.; Cachoeira, Brazil; Lujan, Argentina; Sheridan, Oreg.; Uruguayana, Brazil; Benalla, Australia; Florianopolis, Brazil; Dolores, Argentina; Grenaa, Denmark; Fortitude Valley, Australia; Mirfield, England; Carlsbad, Calif.; San Pedro de Jujuy, Argentina; Burwood, Australia; Cambara, Brazil; Cheshire, Conn.; St. Ives, England; Amager, Denmark; Palmyra, Pa.

Rescue Youths from Courts

Young people of GEELONG, AUSTRALIA, who face police courts because of nonpayment of debts are getting help from the Rotary Club. Funds made available to Rotarian A. G. Glasson, clerk of courts, are loaned to youths in distress, giving many a "new start in life." The Club's milk fund supplied 83,384 pints to needy children during the year, and an auxiliary to the Victorian Crippled Children's Association was formed.

Fulton Gates Still Swinging

Mischievous youngsters at FULTON, N. Y., have worried the police on Halloween nights—but not for the last two years, thanks to Rotarians. In 1939 inclement weather cancelled a costume parade, but it didn't dampen

the enthusiasm of 1,800 school children who completely enjoyed themselves at a Rotary-sponsored Halloween party. They listened to band music and short talks, saw a movie, danced, and feasted. The chief of police reports that since Rotarians have been entertaining youngsters at Halloween, destructive pranks have declined sharply.

Youth Service in Australia

To reduce waste in Youth Service efforts, Rotarians at CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA, have done two important things. First, they conducted a survey of youth opportunities; then they sponsored the organization of a Youth Council, which coordinates the work of churches, Boy Scouts, Y.M.C.A., sports clubs, and other groups.

Feather-Edged Fellowship

One thousand Rotarians—well, 937 to be exact—from 91 Clubs attended the recent 19th annual intercity meeting of the ROCHESTER, N. Y., Club. Four Clubs were there 100 percent strong! Guests came from Canada, New York, Iowa, Pennsylvania, California, and Arizona. Former Governor Harold G. Hoffman, of New Jersey, was the speaker.

Now jump to Iowa, the tall-corn State, city of BURLINGTON. There 413 Rotarians from 14 Clubs feasted on wild duck (raised by a farmer!) at the Club's 16th annual duck dinner. The printed program featured a cartoon (see cut) by Honorary Rotarian J. N. ("Ding") Darling, noted conservationist.

Add to the list of novel intercity meetings the eight radio programs ar-

ranged recently for the 37 Clubs in District 148 of Illinois, with broadcasts emanating from studios in TUSCOLA. Sponsoring Clubs were DANVILLE, PARIS, EFFINGHAM, MATTOON, VILLA GROVE, DECATUR, CHAMPAIGN, and TUSCOLA.

Lesson Tips through Trips

Two hundred Australian high-school pupils know more about the Royal Air Force Station at Richmond, the Jenolan Caves, and the Richmond Aerodrome because members of the KATOOMBA Rotary Club sponsored three educational tours. . . . The Club's Community Service includes the sending of 30 parcels of clothing to the Salvation Army, the collection of 1,000 magazines and periodicals for distribution at the Queen Victoria Home, the Shuna Junior Red Cross Home, and the B.M. District Anzac Memorial Hospital.

Youths to See Latin America

"What do Latin Americans do and think?" That question will be answered firsthand for EMPORIA, KANS., and other young people who make a proposed tour next Summer. Rotary District 123 (a part of Kansas) is sponsoring the project.

Manila Filmed by 'Time'

"Time" stood still recently for the MANILA Rotary Club, which was filmed by "The March of Time," the sequence to be included in an issue of the newsreel on The Philippines. Victor Jurgens, "Time" cameraman, found an able assistant in Club President Edward L. Hall.

Food . . . Books ... Underwear

Hungry or needy children and grown-ups are ever a heeded appeal for Rotarians.

At POTOSI, BOLIVIA, the largest contributor to a free-lunch fund for children is the Rotary Club, and the civic committee supervising the project is comprised largely of Rotarians. This Club annually presents 40 silver medals to school pupils for outstanding achievements.

Rotarians of WINNIPEG, MAN., CANADA, supply the Boys' School at Portage la Prairie with books, magazines, and other reading materials. Similar work is carried on at TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS, where Rotarians collect and repair schoolbooks for children who cannot afford them. At EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, the Community Service Committee solicits books and periodicals for troops. Books and magazines collected by the Rotary Club of NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND, go to a hospital.

At MONTREUX-VEVEY, SWITZERLAND, Rotarians aid a women's organization that supplies warm underwear to soldiers





AFTER visiting the Beckley, W. Va., Rotary Club for a month, Tanner NeSmith and John Massing told members of their impressions.

living in straw shelters in the high Alps. Miners in a distressed area had a happier Christmas because Rotarians of ILKLEY, ENGLAND, cooperated with Rover Scouts and a Toc H group in spreading a material cheer. ILKLEY is a reception area under the evacuation scheme, caring for hundreds of school children from industrial LEEDS.

They See Rotary from the Inside

"What's this Rotary business all about?" Many a Rotary Club is helping high-school and college students to answer that question by inviting them to weekly luncheons. Typical is the situation at BECKLEY, W. VA., where two high-school seniors (see cut) recently visited for a month, and then were called upon to confide their impressions to Club members.

Many a Club, too, is coördinating student visits with International Service programs. An example: Nearly 40 of the "foreign born" students at Indiana University were recently guests of BLOOMINGTON Rotarians. Represented were Turkey, China, Ireland, England, Puerto Rico, Germany, The Philippines, Austria, Canada, Chile, the Virgin Islands, and North Africa.

News from the Secretariat

These are busy days at Rotary International's Secretariat, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. . . . Late in October the Youth Committee met, followed by a four-day parley of the Executive Committee. The Magazine and Aims and Objects Committees met in November.

Of general interest is the new supplement to the *Manual of Procedure*. It contains data on action taken by the Convention at Cleveland last June, and by the Board of Directors since October, 1938.

Open Purses, Straight Limbs

In the best Rotary tradition, Rotarians everywhere continue to give money, equipment, books, magazines, and their time to hospitals and crippled children.

Interest on a \$1,000 5 percent bond, gift of W. H. McQuiston, past service member of the MONTICELLO, ARK., Club, will be used by MONTICELLO Rotarians to promote their crippled children (or adult) program.

In Canada, KITCHENER-WATERLOO, ONT., Rotarians interpret the fact that 20

fewer patients attended their 15th annual crippled children clinic as indication that their fight against crippling diseases is getting results. A huge Halloween carnival is staged by the Club each year, netting between \$5,000 and \$6,000 annually. Following this year's successful carnival, the Club established a War Charities Fund. It donated \$2,500 to the Red Cross.

Speaking of cures: 270 were made in Rotary's Orthopedic Ward of the MOBILE, ALA., Infirmary between June 1, 1932, and June 1, 1939, at an expenditure of \$94,209. . . . A boy, once a cripple, now normal and happy, thanks to Rotarians of MATANZAS, CUBA, recently honored one of their meetings, which honored Dr. Alberto Inclan, famed bone specialist, who effected the cure.

Make Music for Community

Sponsor a symphony orchestra in a community and you're laying the foundations for real harmony—and that's more than an idle pun. The STROUDSBURG, PA., Rotary Club attests to that fact. The members are enthusiastic in their support of a symphony orchestra of 65 musicians—an organization which now draws its membership from all corners of the county.

Coming Rotary Events

Jan. 1—The second half of Rotary's official year begins.

Jan. 6—Magazine Committee meets in Chicago (tentative date).

Jan. 8—Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International convenes in Chicago.

Jan. 15—Meeting in Chicago of the Board of Directors of Rotary International.

Feb. 18 to 24—Rotary Observance Week.

Feb. 22—"Town Meeting of the Air" (8:30 P.M., CST) sponsored by the Chicago Rotary Club over Station WENR and the NBC network.

New Songs in New Books

Rotarians like to sing! Available about January 15 will be a new addition of *Songs for the Rotary Club*. Included will be many of the old favorites and some new ones.

'Mike' Comes to Life!

Many an eyebrow went up among YANKTON, SO. DAK., Rotarians at the Club's Thanksgiving Day dinner when their own voices talked back to them. While conducting "man-on-the-street" interviews around the tables, the local radio-station manager said the microphone was "dead." Later, a concealed assistant and recording apparatus proved it much "alive."

Clubs Have Birthday Fêtes

Clubs, like Rotarians, have birthdays, and at least 20 groups have become 25 years of age in recent months. Among those having silver anniversaries are Augusta, Ga.; Piqua, Ohio; Paducah, Ky.; Decatur, Ill.; Watertown, N. Y.; Wausau, Wis.;

Wilmington, Del.; Springfield, Mass.; Kalamazoo, Mich.; Atlantic City, N. J.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; Portland, Me.; Pottsville, Pa.; Tulsa, Okla.; Hagerstown, Md.; Lima, Ohio; and Asheville, N. C.

AUGUSTA Rotarians authorized Club officers to send money earmarked for decorations at their party to WOLVERHAMPTON, ENGLAND, to be used by the Red Cross and Rotarians for relief work. At PIQUA President Walter D. Head, of Rotary International, was the speaker at the birthday party, which was attended by 400 persons. Among guests were ten charter members. . . . NEW YORK's Rotary Club celebrated "30 years of helpful influence" recently at a huge birthday gathering. Frank L. Mulholland, outstanding jurist, charter member of the TOLEDO, OHIO, Rotary Club, and a Past President of Rotary International, spoke on "Rotary—Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow."

San Jose Tells the World

Acquainted with SAN JOSE? Well, you can be, for the SAN JOSE, URUGUAY, Rotary Club is taking care of it. Recently from the press has rolled a monograph of the city, describing in interesting detail the story of the founding, history, industry, and commerce of the community. Photographs of the city, banks, theaters, churches, and public buildings provide with the text an informative and pleasing picture. Now by rail, motor, and ship it is making its way to the Rotary Clubs of the world.

52 Program Chairmen

There are 52 weeks in a year, and each week a different Rotarian at LEBANON, PA., is responsible for a Club program. Members report that the plan cuts work for a few, widens Club interest, and brings a variety of interests to meetings.

Just Like Old-Time Visitin'

The Rotary Club of MARKED TREE, ARK., believes that a variant of the old-time visiting idea is worth while—has proof of it, in fact. So that they might become better acquainted with the members of near-by Rotary Clubs, each week four or five MARKED TREE Rotarians clamber into a

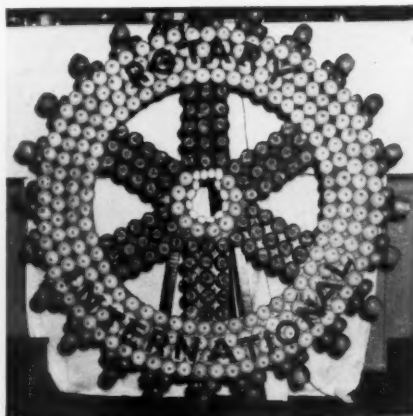


Photo: Fay

APPLES formed this Rotary emblem at a Boston, Mass., meeting featuring the fruit.

car, move quickly over the miles to a Club not far away, there plow deep the seeds of good fellowship.

10 Score A's at Houston

An average grade of 80 percent was scored in a Vocational Service questionnaire by Rotarians at HOUSTON, TEX., recently, and ten made perfect records. Questions dealt with buyer-seller, employer-employee, competitor, and community relationships.

Probably Rotarians at BUFFALO, N. Y., would have scored as well. There the Vocational Service Committee has learned through a survey that of the 236 members, 222 hold 334 trade and professional association memberships.

Place Ban on Madras Posters

Dot any city with unsightly posters and they reflect on the community's sense of municipal beauty. In MADRAS, INDIA, Rotarians have successfully brought about a ban on unsightly posters on public buildings.

A Welcome in Reverse!

There were 19 visitors and only eight members at a recent meeting of the TRURO, ENGLAND, Rotary Club. When the Club President arose to welcome the visitors, however, he wasn't stumped. He simply asked Club members to stand, and they were welcomed by the visitors!

Club Members Become 'Cubs'

The Ladies' Own Journal, a lively little newspaper crammed with witty and philosophical bits, cartoons, and Winchellian reporting, contributed to the gayety and fellowship of the recent ladies' night program of the DOUGLAS, ARIZ., Rotary Club. Club members edited it.

Up and Down with Rotarians

You've heard of Rotary *around* the world. Now add *in* and *over*. Twenty WALTHAM, MASS., Rotarians (see cut) held a recent meeting in a soaring airplane. While circling aloft they listened to speeches, sang, ate a luncheon topped by whipped-cream pudding, and voted to make sky meetings an annual affair.

Just as enjoyable was the Rotary dinner 400 feet underground (see cut) at SHENANDOAH, PA. Rotarians received instructions in mining and regulations, presented D. L. Watson, former Rotarian, with a certificate for "distinguished community service" in recognition of his efforts in reopening local mines.

For Play Any Day—or Night

Rotarians, after all, are just boys grown tall—and like to see others enjoy themselves.

So—the Rotary Club of ELDRED, PA., recently gave 23 acres of ground and cooperated with other groups to create a park. When completed, the \$30,000 area will include an athletic field.

Should you visit DRUMHELLER, ALTA., CANADA, some hot day next Summer, you'd doubtless see many of the young-

sters scurrying to a modern "ole swimming hole." It was built under Rotary leadership. Seven thousand persons use the pool monthly during the season.

Down in Texas the MATHIS Rotary Club raised \$70, an amount matched by the school board, for equipment to make possible after-dark community athletics.

... At MOUNT CLEMENS, MICH., Rotarians bought and gave 50 acres to the Boy and Girl Scouts for a camp. That was done in 1924. Since then Rotarians many times have rolled up their sleeves to plant trees, build a dam, make a road, and so on. This splendid site is useful to campers the year around.



Photo: Providence Journal
RECENT guests of Providence, R. I., Rotarians were (left to right above) Governor William H. Vanderbilt, Mayor La Guardia, of New York, and John F. Collins, Mayor of Providence.



Photo: (above) Shenandoah Herald; (below) Waltham News-Tribune
EQUIPPED with "iron" helmets, Rotarians of Shenandoah, Pa., went 400 feet underground for a recent session (above), whereas members of the Waltham, Mass., Club enjoyed a novel meeting in the skies (below), which featured speeches, songs, and a complete luncheon.





Photos: Courtesy, Sydney Morning Herald and Mail

The solemnity of the opening session of this wartime Conference relaxed as time progressed.

The 800 'Down Under' Who Met Despite War

WHAT shall we do? Cancel all arrangements? Call the whole affair off? Or go ahead?" Planners of the second All Australia Conference were worried—for war had been declared just as delegates were about to pack their bags and set out for Sydney. But when the planners put their question to an official of State, he replied: "Go ahead!" And go ahead they did—to give 800 Rotarians and their ladies from the length and breadth of Australia four days of good Rotary fellowship and discussion.*

* For a brief report and other photos, see page 46, December, 1939, *ROTARIAN*.

Though restrained, talk of war crept into most of the speeches and caused the Conference theme—*The Rotarian As a Citizen*—to stand out clearly as something in need of more earnest discussion than ever. The panel of speakers embraced men from the national, state, and local governments, Present and Past District Governors, and from veterans and "youngsters" of Rotary in Australia. Present as the representative of Rotary International was Past President Dr. Crawford C. McCullough, of Fort William, Ont., Canada, who addressed delegates on several oc-



"ISN'T the Ball grand indeed?" (From left to right) Mrs. Ralph Maynard, Past International President McCullough, Mrs. McCullough, and Host Club President Maynard.

casions and to whom the Lord Mayor, Sir Norman Nock, gave a civic reception. Mrs. McCullough accompanied the Past President.

The social side of the four-day reunion "proved very pleasant," beautiful weather favoring a showboat outing with a supper afterward at a yacht club, a night of musical and dramatic entertainment, visits to the zoo and other Sydney attractions, and many private parties. The Conference Ball brought the program of entertainment to a colorful, scintillating peak.

Presiding over the sessions were the retiring Governors of the three Districts convening: Governor Fox Martin, of District 76; Governor W. K. McLuckie, of District 56; and Governor Angus S. Mitchell, of District 65.

On their visit, Past President and Mrs. McCullough visited scores of Rotary Clubs in Australia and New Zealand. Incidentally, they travelled from the former country to the latter on a "black-out ship." A stop at Suva, Fiji, which has an enthusiastic Rotary Club of 33 members, on their homebound trip proved interesting.

"It was a delightful experience," Past President McCullough reminisces. "Rotary 'down under' is making excellent and, I think, enduring progress. Distances are vast and transportation in some parts is not always speedy in Australia, but Rotarians from every corner of the great Commonwealth ignored these obstacles and got to Sydney for the Conference. As a Rotarian, as a Past President, I am proud of the caliber and record of these Rotarians."

Photos: Riley



A PART of the audience at one of the Conference sessions (above). Addresses and the searching discussion which they elicited aimed to clarify the position of the Rotarian as a citizen of his town, his country, and his world—a study never more timely.

INTERVALS of pleasant entertainment—of which the Ball (right) was the climax—spaced the Conference program and gave good Rotary fellowship wide room. As at Rotary's international Conventions, small group parties also played a useful part.



Scratchpaddings

NEWS FROM POLAND. The first and only word from or about any Rotarian in Poland to reach Rotary's Central Office since some days before the outbreak of hostilities has come through JULIEN BRYAN, "March of Time" photographer who filmed the bombardment of Warsaw. Speaking to the Rotary Club of Chicago, he told of meeting JERZY LOTH, international Director, while shells and bombs burst in the Polish capital. DIRECTOR LOTH, he said, had walked two miles through constant danger to thank him for a short radio talk he had made the night before and to ask him to convey his greetings to the President and Secretary of Rotary International if he ever got back to Chicago. MR. BRYAN said he did not know how DIRECTOR LOTH has fared since that day.

Exotic. It was a new experience for the palates of Lausanne Rotarians when the cook served American corn on the cob at a recent luncheon of this Swiss Rotary Club. The steaming, exotic food was the gift of one of the members, who offered to procure seed and advise amateur gardeners on its cultivation. The sight of the Lausanne Rotarians all busily at work—"typewriter-roller style"—on their individual ears of corn reminded the editor of the Club's publication of an orchestra in which every man was playing a similar instrument.

Small-World Dep't. FREDERICK J. HOLMES, a photographer, and STUART CUDLIPP, a confections manufacturer, were born in the same town in Wales. But they had never met each other until they joined the Rotary Club of Kenmore, N. Y.

Authors. If you want the flavor of the French-Canadian people, or particularly of the merchant class thereof, you cannot do better, according to a critic in the *New York Times Book Review*, than to read *The Habitant-Merchant*, by J. E. LEROSSIGNOL, Macmillan, 1939, \$3.50. The author is dean of the College of Business Administration of the University of Nebraska and is a member of the Rotary Club of Lincoln. He was born

in Canada. . . . DR. J. ROORDA, of the Rotary Club of Haarlem, The Netherlands, who will be remembered as one of the contributors to that valued program paper *Eight Rotarians Talk about War*, is the author of a booklet titled *Medical Opinions on War*.



TWINS A. and K. Dunoon

Twins. Near the edge of Australia's dry interior, some 200 miles inland, is the town of Swan Hill. Its 4,000 people make a fair living by raising wheat, sheep, cattle, and fruit (by irrigation). Last year a score of Swan Hill business and professional men organized a Rotary Club. Two of the charter members are twins—a fact that may very well be unique in Rotary. They are ALAN and KEITH DUNOON. The former is an automobile retailer and, hobby-wise, an aviator of acknowledged skill. The latter's classification is pharmaceutical chemicals and his leisure moments find him ahorse as a keen and prize-winning equestrian. "Both twins," says our correspondent, "are worthy and enthusiastic Rotarians."

Score Board. Speaking of attendance boards—and we often do in these pages—the Rotary Club of West Memphis, Ark., has one that's a mechanical marvel. It's a large oblong on which appear the names of all members. Beside each name are a red light and a white light. All the red lights glow before members assemble for the weekly luncheon, but each man snaps off his red bulb and switches on the white

upon entering the room. A clock and a rotating cylinder which bears the names of the Club officers top off the device. Electricians constructed it and WILLIAM H. HOWZE, current President of the Club, presented it as a gift to his fellow Rotarians.

Advisors. PRESIDENT WALTER D. HEAD has appointed ROTARIAN ERMETE PIRES, of the Rotary Club of Lisbon, as Rotary International's Administrative Advisor for Portugal. The President has reappointed ROTARIAN SPILIOS AGAPITOS, of Athens, as Advisor for Greece. The appointments extend to October, 1940.

Rice and Orange Blossoms. The household calendar of Rotary's first family, THE WALTER D. HEADS, of Montclair, N. J., probably shows December 1, 1939, heavily ringed in red. On that date PRESIDENT HEAD gave the hand of his daughter, LOIS, in marriage to WILLIAM M. FENN, of Pines Lake, N. J. MR. FENN is a junior member of the law firm of Reed, Abbott & Morgan, of New York City, and is a graduate of Exeter, Yale, and the Fordham Law School. The editors join with THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD in congratulating the groom and in wishing the bride much happiness.

President. As these pages go to press, Rotary's President, WALTER D. HEAD, is visiting among Rotary Clubs in the Southeastern part of the United States, bound finally for Puerto Rico and Cuba. Immediately behind him are meetings with Rotary Clubs in New York State, his participation in the history-making Rotary telecast (see page 21), and appearances before such Rotary Clubs as Baltimore, Md.; Washington, D. C.; Richmond, Va.; and Raleigh, N. C. After speaking to or visiting with Rotarians in many Clubs in Georgia and Florida, he will embark by plane on the last day of December for San Juan, Puerto Rico. On this island he will visit with Rotarians in San Juan and Ponce, and will then fly to Antilla, Cuba, for an evening meeting. Havana Rotarians



TYPICAL of President Walter Head's appearances before many Rotary Clubs in the Eastern half of the United States in recent weeks is this one at Bronx, N. Y.—though the battery of microphones may have been larger than elsewhere. At the President's right elbow is Raymond L. Korndorfer, President of the Bronx Club.

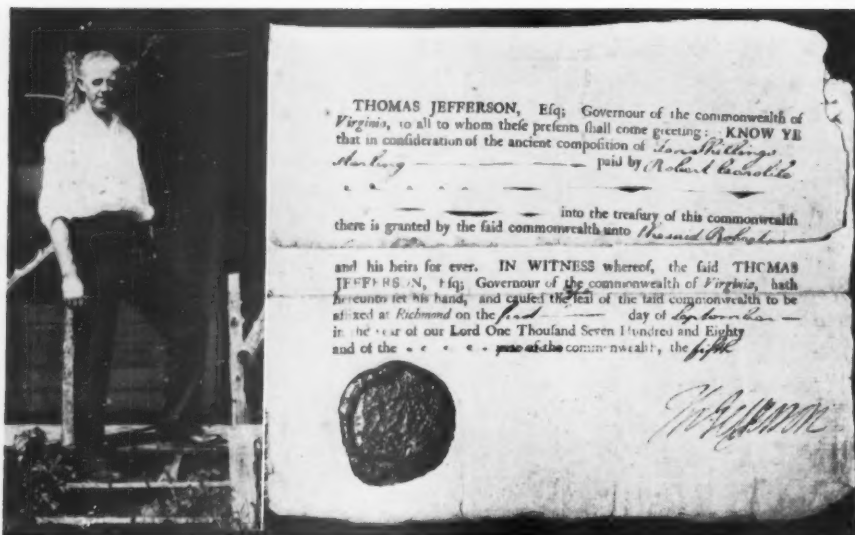


Photo: Koehler

THOMAS JEFFERSON could not know of Rotary, but this deed he signed has ultimately given a Rotarian, David G. Robson, of Memphis, Tenn., 65 acres of Virginia woodland. Rotarian Robson is seen on the steps of a cabin an ancestor built on the land about 150 years ago.

will greet him the next day, and on the day following that he will step into another plane bound for Miami, from which he will travel to Fort Myers, thence to Tampa, and finally to Chicago. His date of return to Rotary's Central Office is set at January 9. . . . Some weeks ago PRESIDENT HEAD took pleasure in addressing the 31st annual campaign night of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic of Chicago. His talk on citizenship was carried on a national radio hookup. Another Rotarian who took particular interest in the proceedings is RALPH L. GOODMAN, of the Rotary Club of Chicago. He is a member of the board of directors of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic and holds the distinction of having been its first boy mayor.

Governor. The Board of Directors has elected ROTARIAN THEO. L. HALL, of Manila, The Philippines, to fill the vacancy left in the office of Governor of District 81 by the resignation of ROTARIAN GEORGE A. MALCOLM, also of Manila. The latter has been appointed Attorney General of Puerto Rico. Watch future issues for a fascinating story about the rise of Rotary in The Philippines by ROTARIAN MALCOLM.

Uprooted Children. For some time PAST DIRECTOR CLARE MARTIN, of London, England, who was the first President of the Rotary Club of Cairo, Egypt, has been assisting the "Coördinating Committee for Refugees" in London. From him the Secretary of Rotary International recently received the following comment:

It occurs to me that there is an opportunity for Rotarians in America to assist young children who have been brought to this country from Germany, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia. If the war is to last a long time, it is not a very cheerful prospect for children to grow up in a strange land without their parents, and I therefore put the idea into your head for what it is worth that it might be possible and charitable for people in America to suggest taking some of the 10,000-odd boys and girls under 16 who are at present in Britain.

PRESIDENT WALTER D. HEAD has expressed real interest in the suggestion

and has stated his belief that many people, once apprised of this opportunity to serve young humanity, will find it possible to help in this matter. While no Rotary machinery to effect such transfers is in prospect, individual Rotarians



THE FIVE pairs of fathers and sons in the Rotary Club of Elizabethtown, Pa., comprise 18 percent of the Club's membership. Naming the fathers first (they are in the front row and their sons stand behind them), the pairs are (from left to right) Stephen F. and Louis J. Ulrich, Frank S. and Russell Miller, Samuel G. and President Russell D. Hershey, Charles G. and Richard Flory, Charles R. and Robert H. Boggs. Is this percentage a record? No, the Asheville, N. C., Rotary Club beats it with 28 percent—but is it a runner-up score?

may be sufficiently interested to make further independent investigations.

Honors. Paying tribute to A. J. HUTCHINSON, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Auckland, New Zealand, for his 13 years of service as chairman of its trustees, the New Zealand Institute for the Blind recently named its new building for elderly women "Hutchinson Home." . . . ROTARIAN CARL E. STEEB, of Columbus, Ohio, Past International Director and Past District Governor, was honored by his associates at a dinner celebrating his 40th year of service to Ohio State University, of which he is business manager and secretary to the board. . . . The first honorary membership ever conferred by the Asheville, N. C., Rotary Club was recently given to ROTARIAN DR. SAMUEL W. TAYLOR when his elevation to a district superintendency in the Methodist Church neces-

sitated his transfer of residence and resignation from the Club. . . . THOMAS J. TURLEY, of the Rotary Club of Boston, Mass., was unanimously elected national chairman of the Boys' and Girls' Work Division of the National Federation of Settlements at a recent conference. . . . To W. W. SEAY, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Tuscaloosa, Ala., the local Civitan Club awarded its annual plaque for distinguished service to the community. . . . RAOUL DAUTRY, of the Rotary Club of Paris, France, is currently serving his country as Minister of Armament and is thus "playing a technical part of the first importance in national defense." . . . PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR CHARLES H. J. MITCHELL, of Brookings, So. Dak., has been elected president of the Greater South Dakota Association. . . . PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR ROBERT R. BANGHAM, of Wilmington, Ohio, is the new director of the Department of Finance of the State of Ohio, being appointed recently by GOVERNOR JOHN W. BRICKER, an active member of the Rotary Club of Columbus. . . . THOMAS C. SPENCER, of Houston, is the treasurer of the Lumbermen's Association of Texas. . . . PAST INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT RUSSELL F. GREINER, of Kansas City, Mo., has been appointed to the board of police commissioners of that city by the Governor of the State. . . . PAST INTER-

NATIONAL DIRECTOR RAYMOND J. KNOEPEL, of New York City, heads his State's Association for Crippled Children.

Governors. At the request of the Rotarians of Japan, Rotary's Board of Directors last June redistricted the 46 Rotary Clubs of District 70 so that Rotary in Japan now comprises three Districts—numbers 70, 71, and 72. BARON ICHIZAEEMON MORIMURA, of Tokyo, who was elected Governor of District 70 before the division took place, is continuing as Governor of new District 70. Rotarians of the two new Districts nominated Governors and, as a result of those nominations, the Board has elected the following Rotarians as Governors: TOKUTARO OSAWA, of Kyoto, Japan, Governor of District 71; KINGO KAISE, of Dairen, Manchuria, Governor of District 72.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD

ROTARY Roundtable

A department for the elucidation of some of the problems and policies of Rotary International. Suggestions for Roundtable discussions are invited.

How many members are required for the formation of a Rotary Club?

The Constitution and By-Laws are silent on this subject. By rule of the Board of Directors, a Rotary Club may not be organized with less than 15 members. Where a Club is organized with 15, it is done with the hope that its membership will increase to at least 25 or 30 or more if the city is large enough. There is no definite rule as to the termination of membership if the number of members decreases to less than 15, but if at any time a Club membership does fall below 15, the official attitude of Rotary International is that the Club is considered as getting below the danger line and perhaps requiring special attention on the part of the District Governor and neighboring Clubs. The official attitude does not meet with the approval of all Rotarians. Some maintain that in a community where additional members are not available, a very good little Club can exist with ten or a dozen members. However, there seems to be a general agreement that if the membership of a small Club can be increased, additional members should be brought in. Some contend that Rotary Clubs should not be and never should have been organized in towns where there cannot be a membership of more than, say, 15, but, on the other hand, others assert that some of our best Rotary Clubs are in these towns and that some of them are the only unifying force in the town.

What are the qualifications for active membership in a Rotary Club?

An adult male of good character and business reputation engaged as a proprietor, partner, corporate officer, or manager of a worthy and recognized business or holding an important position in an executive capacity with discretionary authority in any worthy and recognized business; or acting as the local agent or branch representative of any worthy and recognized business, having entire charge of such agency or branch in an executive capacity; or an adult male person of good character and good professional reputation engaged in any worthy and recognized profession.

This quotation from the Rotary International and the Club Constitutions doesn't say anything about only one member from each line of business or profession. It is later in the Article on membership that we find the section that active membership shall consist of but one man from each classification of business or profession excepting the newspaper classification and excepting the provision for an additional active member from the concern or establishment of an active member. Past service, senior, and honorary members have no classifications. Are these provisions

for membership being faithfully observed by Rotary Clubs? Many will claim that there is much laxness on the part of the Clubs with regard to the membership provision and some will even allege deliberate neglect of them. Probably on the whole they are faithfully and intelligently observed. There is, of course, some opportunity for interpretation of what is an executive and much more opportunity for interpretation of the rule of one man to a classification. Any proposal that membership by single classification principle should be abandoned would probably encounter strong opposition.

What is the difference between past service, senior, and honorary membership?

A past service member is one who has been an active member of the Club, but has retired from business or professional activity and, therefore, can no longer represent a classification in the Club. He is really an active member without classification.

A senior member is one who has belonged to the Club for many years, is still active in his business or profession, but has volunteered to surrender his classification (although remaining an active member) so that someone else may be elected to active membership with the classification that he has held.

Both past service and senior members are active members with all the rights and responsibilities except that of representing a classification.

An honorary member is someone who may or may not have been an active member of the Club upon whom the Club desires to confer a limited membership for the period of one year, renewable each year. Active, past service, and senior members have the right to attend other Rotary Club meetings. Honorary members do not, but are usually made welcome at the meeting of any other Rotary Club.

What is meant by commercializing Rotary?

Any effort on the part of a Rotarian to extend his business through his own or another Rotary Club is considered as a misuse of Rotary membership. For a Rotarian to approach another Rotarian on the basis of their common membership in Rotary as a reason for his effort to extend his business is a misuse of Rotary membership. New or increased business may come naturally to a Rotarian as a result of friendships which he has made in Rotary. If so, it is a normal development which frequently takes place outside Rotary as well as inside, and is not in any way an infringement of the ethics of Rotary membership.

When a Rotarian circularizes his fel-

low Rotarians, making reference to his Rotary connections and offering goods for sale or soliciting business or requesting assistance in promoting his business, he is generally considered as commercializing Rotary. In this field of membership ethics there comes at times some confusion of thought as to what is advertising and what is proper identification of the Rotarian with his business or his profession and proper explanation by the Rotarian to his fellow Rotarians of his business or profession.

Can politicians belong to Rotary Clubs?

Yes, but not as politicians. The fact that a man is active in politics does not prevent him from being elected to a Rotary Club if he has a regular business or profession to which he devotes at least 60 percent of his time and thought. Of course, he takes the classification corresponding to his business or profession.

Persons holding elective or appointive public office for life or a rather indefinite tenure can be elected to membership in a Rotary Club with a classification representing the service which they are performing in such public office. Persons holding elective or appointive office for a specified time only cannot be elected to active membership under the classification of such office, which means that when the retaining of office depends upon periodic political contests, such an office is not given a Rotary classification. Sometimes when the active member has been elected, say, to the office of mayor and is going to give his entire time for a year to that office and, therefore, cannot continue to represent his business or profession in the Club, he resigns as a member, but the Club holds his classification open for him until he retires from public office.

There is, of course, considerable misunderstanding or lack of understanding on the part of Rotary Clubs of this provision with regard to public office holders, but each Club must interpret and apply the provisions of its Constitution with advice of its District Governor.

Is a Rotarian a member of Rotary International?

No. The Rotarian is a member of a Rotary Club and the Club is a member of Rotary International.

—C. R. P.

The Objects of Rotary

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Abolish Movie Block Booking?

No!—Ned E. Depinet

[Continued from page 25]

over long periods in advance of their manufacture. The manufacturer, or producer, in turn having a steadily increasing market for his improved product was able to expend more money for his productions, bringing into the realm of the motion picture better artistic and technical minds; and with a reliable source of films for his theater, the owner in turn was able to expend new capital in the building of more elaborate and costly show houses.

Thus, the term "block booking" came to a new industry—the agreement of a retailer to buy a block or group of motion pictures and the agreement of a manufacturer to provide a steady flow of worth-while merchandise. Stripped of its lights, glamour, and publicity, the motion-picture industry is simply a merchandising matter, the retailer, or theater owner, selling to the public an hour or two of diversion instead of groceries, hardware, or other more material things.

It is hardly to be expected that a clothing merchant, automobile dealer, or any other businessman, leasing or building a store, equipping it with fixtures and employing a sales staff, would approach such a venture without first assuring himself of a steady and reliable source of merchandise to sell. Nor could the theater owner, with his investment in real estate and equipment, afford to risk his capital without an equally assured and steady source of merchandise.

With the development of the motion picture came the eternal problem of distribution. The larger theaters with greater seating capacity and more potential customers were naturally able to pay a higher rental price for the film. Thus grew the logical system of "runs," the film first playing the large or "first run" houses, then progressing through the second, third, fourth, etc., runs, its financial returns being based on the public's interest in the film and the theater's earning capacity.

All these theaters, regardless of "run" classification, required a steady flow of films for exhibition. The producer, having actors, directors, writers, technicians, and a manufacturing plant known as a "studio," undertook to make and deliver a given number of suitable films over a given period of time, the past record and reputation of the producer, plus his known assets of contracts with popular actors and directors and the ownership of rights to produce popular plays or books, assuring the theater of

satisfactory merchandise, in the form of entertainment, to sell.

In its essence, this is comparable to the automobile agency which contracts in advance of manufacture—frequently in advance of actual design—to buy a given number of cars, or to a clothing merchant, specializing in a nationally advertised line of suits, who agrees to purchase a certain quantity of such merchandise season after season. Block booking is therefore understandable when translated into the more familiar business term of "wholesale."

The success of the motion picture as an entertainment medium has been due to the fact that it has provided amusement at a low admission price. To maintain this price and return a profit on the investment, it is necessary for the motion-picture theater to operate without interruption. It cannot close down for periods of time between engagements of motion pictures and reopen when it has a particular picture it desires to present.

With the growth of the motion picture have come tremendously increased costs of production. Where a few years ago an excellent picture could be produced for a few thousand dollars, today the costs run frequently into several millions. The production budget of each of the major companies will run from 15 to 50 million dollars for a year's production activities. Such huge investments likewise require that the producing company be assured of regular outlets where the public may choose or not choose to buy its product.

The rental price received by the producer for a picture, whether leased on a flat rental basis or on percentage terms, is based inevitably upon the earning capacity of that particular film or its general classification. In the case of straight-percentage engagements (which represent the bulk of bookings outside of the smallest of neighborhood and small-town theaters), each motion picture stands on its own feet as far as returns to the producer are concerned. If it is a "box-office smash," the producer receives a larger return. In the long run the public, and the public only, decides whether or not a producer makes a profit.

While the motion-picture business is a blending of industry and art, its product is entirely the result of creative minds. There is no pattern, formula, or device that its makers can follow and guarantee a box-office attraction. The motion picture is and always will be an individual artistic effort. Other than on

the broad standards of good taste and decency, there are neither "good" pictures nor "bad" pictures. Some pictures are liked by more people than other pictures. Therefore, in those people's minds such a picture is a "good" picture, while the ones they do not enjoy are inevitably "bad" pictures.

With the development of the motion picture has come a tremendous increase in public appreciation, which is the constantly motivating force for greater artistic and technical achievement. However, that which is judged artistically excellent by the critical standards of those with a specialized appreciation does not necessarily mean acceptance by enough people to make such ventures profitable. There are many notable examples to prove this point, but despite such frequent discouragements, the motion picture continues to advance artistically.

There are, in every community, what can best be termed "specialists in appreciation"—the so-called cultured, who by instinct or training are capable of appreciating a symphony, a profound book, or the more delicate nuances of a play. Such people, with all good intent, frequently become "pressure groups" in their community. They are impatient with those unable to share their likes. Frequently to these people come during the year pictures which they consider poor, judged by their particular standards. Likewise, the person who is disinterested in a particular theme will consider another picture poor. The unsophisticated will brand as poor the picture with subtle dialogue or situations. Inevitably, the mass audience resolves itself into a composite of that well-known fellow who says, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like." Having paid his admission price he feels privileged to express his opinion to the manager.

THOUGHTLESS managers, looking for a ready excuse, have been known to pass the blame for customers' dissatisfaction on to block booking, explaining they are helpless and must play what the producer gives them. It has served as an excuse, meeting all situations.

From time to time a few theater owners or producers, seeking a way to advantage over their competitors, have endeavored to effect legislation to gain their ends or inconvenience the industry. A minor percentage of the picture business, they have taken block booking as a slogan.

Mistaking the meaning of this phrase, certain sincere cultural and social groups have berated block booking as the reason more pictures of their particular liking are not shown locally. Unfortunately their ideas of what are good pictures generally do not coincide with those of the theater owner and

the general public. Unacquainted with the involved mechanism of the business they criticize, these groups have leaped upon a phrase and seek to correct "evils" as they see them by eliminating by law an established method of doing business.

Morals in the broad sense are not involved in what is a good or a bad picture. The motion-picture industry, at least that responsible large proportion represented by the major producing companies, is a rigorously self-disciplined art and business. The fact that motion pictures are rented to a theater in a block or rented individually has nothing whatever to do with the moral quality of the product. In fact, those occasional pictures which do transgress good taste are generally the product of individual or fly-by-night producers and are rented to the theaters individually, and in many instances are booked by the very theaters which raise a cry against block booking. Unfortunately, social groups, women's clubs, businessmen, and legislators, uninformed and unacquainted with the nature of the business, condemn an entire industry for the nefarious work of this shoddy fringe of the show world.

To the sincere people who wish for improvement in the artistic merit of pictures there is no assurance that the elimination of block booking would accomplish their purpose. These sincere people forget that you cannot legislate taste or force upon a public that which it is unable or unwilling to absorb. The mass public grows in appreciation with its acquaintanceship and absorption of things.

Many opponents of block booking believe that by its elimination the theater in their neighborhood would only present the more artistic or so-called good pictures. This is not a fact, for the simple reason that the theater owner, being a businessman, is naturally interested in showing only the most successful films. If week after week he could show only "hit" pictures, his profits would be larger. There is no reason to assume that he would sacrifice profits simply to offer pictures that certain groups considered good. If producers could perform the miracle of making only pictures of universal acceptance, there would be no headaches in Hollywood. But the simple truth is it can't be done. An average must be struck and over the year prove profitable to theater and producer and generally satisfactory to the public.

Contrary to the general belief of the layman, theaters under the block-booking method are not compelled to exhibit every picture contracted for in a group. For many years the standard exhibition contract between producer and theater provided for a specified percentage of pictures from each group sold that

might be cancelled if the theater chose to do so. By this method theaters were permitted to eliminate pictures which they did not consider suitable attractions for their particular clientele. Invariably the theater chose to cancel what it considered the weaker box-office attractions.

This type of cancellation clause is today, to the best of my knowledge, a part of every exhibition contract for feature pictures sold on the block-booking plan. The general structure of distribution in the industry, with its trade practices and customs, has remained basically the same since its inception. It has proved to be practical and, therefore, a workable means of doing business.

Revolutionary change in such procedure by legislation would, it is believed by the majority of theater owners and producers, be disastrous to the industry as a whole. Such a proposed law is the Neely Bill, which seeks to prohibit block booking. This bill is thought by a large proportion of the

industry to be an amazing example of misleading, deceptive, and confused legislation, destined to wreak havoc in the production and exhibition of motion pictures. If the industry should survive its tyrannical edicts, it would inevitably result in higher admission prices to the public, due to the fact that the theater would then exhibit only proved box-office attractions, while the producer would be compelled to include the cost of less profitable and unplayed pictures in the terms for successful ones. It would result in the closing of a vast number of theaters, largely the small theaters unable to compete in buying strength with the larger houses. It would increase the selling cost, for the absence of block booking would require individual sales effort for each picture. Instead of improving the quality of pictures, it would lessen their merit by making the production of every picture an even more precarious adventure and unjustifiable risk of huge sums of money without a reasonable assurance of an opportunity for return.

Has Business Lost Interest?

[Continued from page 17]

anyway, this sort of advertising is too much trouble."

Perhaps he's right. Most of us have had a tough struggle the past ten years, and begin to be tired. Many of us can see nothing but more struggle, with even less reward, in the future. Some of us are weary of working to pay mounting taxes; weary of restricting and restraining laws, and of the indifference and disloyalty of our employees. We have concluded that hard times are permanent, and we may as well take it easy, "blow" what we have, and let the future take care of itself. Maybe we're right, but I know one young fellow who borrowed \$5,000 last April and took over a near-by automobile business that had succumbed to two years of "What's the use?" A week later a stranger told him he wouldn't buy a certain make of car because "I got one not long ago, and when it went wrong, the dealer refused to do anything."

"O. K.," said my young friend, "I'll replace the troublesome part, fix the car at my expense, and do the same any time another part proves defective."

The stranger happened to be a big contractor in a neighboring town, and since then he has bought six trucks from my friend. Two men I know have transferred their custom to him "because you get service and a square deal." The young merchant made a bargain by which half a dozen filling-station attendants give him the numbers of cars that seem in need of repair, and

of 106 of the owners interviewed, he has done business with 31. In less than a year he's paid two-thirds of his loan, and is planning an addition to his shop.

"How come?" he echoed my question not long ago. "Well, to begin with, most of my competitors are thinking what they can get; I'm thinking what I can give. Sure there's a lot to discourage a chap nowadays. Always was, I guess, and always will be—for the fellow who lets it discourage him. But I figure there's only one thing to do on an uphill road, and that's step on it. Take your foot off the accelerator, if you like, when she's rolling along by herself, but my motto is, 'When the going's tough, keep your mind on your business and give her the gas!'"

IS HE RIGHT?

Channing Pollock writes provocatively. What do you, Mr. Rotarian (or your wife), think? Set down your comments in a letter—not more than 300 words, PLEASE!—and air-mail at once to "Opinion" Department, ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. The author of the letter judged best will receive \$3, but it must be received by January 7. (If you live outside the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, or Bermuda, your deadline is February 1—and you're eligible for another \$3.)

Further reading suggestions on Mr. Pollock's subject on page 63.

A Million-Dollar 'NO!'

[Continued from page 20]

and pay its bills for a long time to come.

The basis of the process is the fact that ultraviolet light kills bacteria. But when used to kill bacteria in bread, for instance, ultraviolet rays also ruin the enzymes (digestive agents) which the bread maker wants active in the bread to produce the right flavor and texture. Cincinnati's ingenious researchers found they could block off the wave lengths that attack the enzymes while leaving in those that kill bacteria—much as if you could make bullets that kill only your enemies and fail to touch your friends. Once again science is financing science in science' own best interests.

Outside the university field, this simple—and great—idea has been foreshadowed before the World War in the way a young California scientist named Frederick G. Cottrell solved a problem similar to Steenbock's. Working on the basis of some discoveries of Sir Oliver Lodge, the great English physicist, Cottrell got on the track of a method of extracting poisonous chemicals from the smoke that billowed out of smelters and plants. Three other California alumni, two of them chemists and the third a lawyer, became interested and among them raised an eventual \$20,000 to work out the details and get the thing patented. The further they went, the bigger the thing looked, and they determined that, if it ever boomed under them as it very well might, the University was to get a large share of the proceeds.

Before they were through, the whole thing had broadened amazingly. The Cottrell process—a matter of making smoke or any other current of gas-carrying liquids or solids pass among electrically charged plates that precipitate all but the gas—has become indispensable in cement plants, oil refineries, gas mains, pulverized-coal burners, even for recovering gold dust from the air in factories where watchcases are polished. Its uses are still expanding today.

Cottrell had even more trouble than Steenbock was to have in giving his potential bonanza away. He and his friends tried the American Chemical Society, the United States Bureau of Mines, the Smithsonian Institution. All had to regret for legal or corporate reasons. Then Cottrell said that if no existing institution would handle the patents and the funds in the good cause, he should form a new institution that could and would. With the help of the Smithsonian's director, a number of eminent scientists, industrialists, and businessmen were brought together to contribute \$10,000 and start the ball rolling.

The Research Corporation was the

result. Its charter specifically prohibits its ever paying a dividend. One of the big industrialists approached for funds when it was formed found "a nonprofit but business corporation too bizarre and self-contradictory to succeed." Bizarre it may have been, but it has succeeded in a big way. All over the United States, institutions of learning, individual researchers, private industries, feel the vivifying flow of Cottrell dollars through their scientific veins. Its grants have built atom-smashing equipment for the University of California and the Massa-



Meet

W. F. McDERMOTT

Born and schooled in Kansas, now a Chicago newspaperman and clergyman who writes frequently for this and other journals

and makes a hobby of social work;

and **J. C. FURNAS**

whose furor-creating article "—And Sudden Death" is credited with a decided dip in traffic accidents several years ago.



chusetts Institute of Technology. It has financed the Smithsonian's sweeping experiments in the effects of light radiation on living things and Princeton's work in using spectroscopic examination of surface soil to spot oil deposits deep underground. It has acted as midwife to help the pharmaceutical industry find new ways of synthesizing drugs.

Since its founding in 1912 the Research Corporation has steadily been accumulating new patents on potentially valuable ideas, a backlog of small gold mines against the future. Such a list is rather like a sweepstake, with few of them due ever to bring in large money.

But several of the Corporation's present properties—worked out by researchers using its money—are likely to be valuable: a new synthetic vitamin, B₁₂,* for instance; a new way to make glass absolutely transparent; a 1,250,000-volt X-ray machine with a great future both in industry and in cancer therapy; and Alsifilm, an astonishing synthetic mica.

Dr. Cottrell now lives in Washington, D. C., in a comfortable old-fashioned home surrounded by files and books, acting as a roving contact man between the Corporation and new ideas. Since signing over his potential fortune ("letting go of the bobcat and coming down out of the tree," as he puts it), he has further distinguished himself scientifically in such fields as the utilization of helium and the fixation of nitrogen for human use.

Among scientific men Dr. Cottrell has a reputation for listening to a scientific problem and flashing back with the germ of an idea that will solve the whole thing. In just the same way he put his shrewd, nervous fingers on the solution of the problem of how science can pay its own way without fear or favor in the interests not of business, but of truth and human welfare.

As for Dr. Steenbock, in his own laboratory in his own University, he is working hard and brilliantly on other vitamins, on nutritional anemia, on the notion of producing kidney stones artificially in rats as the first step toward preventing them in human beings.

Examples of how admirably ideals can make men behave are so rare that this picture is hard to believe. If these two brilliant men had not so thoroughly possessed the courage of their intellectual convictions, there might be just two more yachts in a harbor somewhere. As it is, two gentle scientists who know their own minds are still at work in the laboratories they love without any apparent regrets about yachts or anything else.

* See page 43, this issue, for comment on vitamin B₁₂.

"We have just decided, sir, to take this one, as we have always liked lots of fresh air!"



Talking It Over

[Continued from page 4]

start a discussion for one evening in every Rotary Club, some good will be accomplished. However, there should be one or two more articles to bring the subject down to fundamental causes.

The mere fact that crime does pay is surely an indictment of our present economic setup. A discussion of that within the next two or three months would be appropriate.

Jobs—Crime's Problem

Agrees O. V. KOEN, Rotarian
Classification: Education
Granham, Texas

John C. Duvall's argument that crime does pay [*But—Crime Does Pay!*, December ROTARIAN] is packed with an appalling amount of sad fact, but he, nevertheless, reaches clear-cut generalizations which stick up like mountain peaks above the clouds. It is pathetic, indeed, that man cannot control his economics and that his lack of control leaves him with crime on his hands. I agree that "opportunity for honest employment for all would be the greatest crime preventive," and I would have that fact written into the minds of educators, capitalists, industrialists, and labor leaders.

'Sheldon Makes Words Count'

Says L. Cady HODGE, Rotarian
Classification: Photographer
Topeka, Kansas

In his article *Making Your Words Count* [November ROTARIAN], Charles M. Sheldon says, "The man who can be relied on to say what he has to say, forcefully and interestingly, and then sit down can count on getting return invitations." We in the Rotary Club of

dress us, we know he'll have a thought-provoking message. For example, just recently he piqued our interest by saying in an address that he would like to establish a newspaper which would be different from the ordinary newspaper. "I would," he said, "put only one thing on the first page. Right now the topic of greatest interest is war. I would devote a page to it. Who wants war anyway? It is started by old men, and the young men pay the price. . . . Sometimes I would put an editorial on the first page and nothing else [see cut], except perhaps a note telling you that if you wanted to know who ran away with somebody's wife, turn to page 9.

"We feature crime of greatest interest. Why do we do that when it concerns so few people? Why, in this city not more than 150 persons cause the police all their trouble. Really not more than 100. I would let crime stories get on the first page only once in a while when there was some special reason. I would tell about the good things that make up most of life. The solution of our problems lies in our thinking—we must think differently.

"There is a solution of war—the creation of a new kind of humanity."

As suddenly and abruptly as he had begun, he stopped. One hundred and fifty sophisticated diners smiled and nodded approval and applauded vociferously. At something tense and gripping. Perhaps it was the simplicity of statements and the sincerity of the speaker. Perhaps it was because of a little adventure that led us out of the beaten paths of thinking.

Dr. Sheldon knows how to make words count.

'I'm a Rotary-Made Speaker'

By A FORMER ROTARIAN

I enjoyed Charles M. Sheldon's *Making Your Words Count* [November ROTARIAN], particularly because Rotary played such a big part in my own efforts to make my words count.

The day I was due to give my life history in my Rotary Club I knew I never could stand and deliver it, so I wrote it out. I stood before the fellows, shivering, trying to steady the paper by holding it in both hands, and had what was up to then the most awful experience of my life. As a result, I told the Club President and his successors that I would do anything they wanted me to do, as long as it would keep me off my feet.

Well, I was later "double-crossed" and made Club President. No one will ever know the agonies I went through as a speaker and as a presiding officer. But I came through, and now I find that those men did me a real favor by getting me on my feet.

My present job is to appear before numerous organizations and to explain one of the driest subjects known to mankind—taxes. But I find I am putting it over because of the training my Rotary Club gave me that year as President.

I want to express my appreciation to Rotary for what it has done for me. It is helping me to support my wife and

The Coffeyville Morning Light

NO. 1 JUNE NINE, 1939 VOL. 1

WHAT HAS WAR DONE TO THE HUMAN RACE?

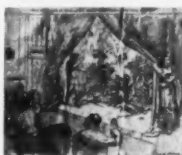
DEFINITION OF WAR!

It is the most Wicked, Wasteful, Stupid, Cowardly and Unnecessary habit of Mankind...

The last World War Killed 10,000,000 young men outright, crippled 10,000,000 more for life, broke the hearts of millions of Mothers - Was the cause of the world's economic depression. It cost in money \$400,000,000,000 (four hundred billion dollars)

All the nations of the world are now spending more money for war than for Education, Religion, The study of disease and Child Welfare. The people of the world are living in an atmosphere of fear. It will our Fate, but the People Do Not Want War - WHO DOES?

BUT YOUNG MEN DIE FIGHTING THEM.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

If any reader of this page wants to know who ran off with another man's wife cut to Hollywood - turn to page nine - SIGNED BY THE EDITOR...

Topeka know that Dr. Sheldon speaks the truth, for when he addresses us, he certainly abides by that principle of forcefulness and interest.

When Dr. Sheldon is scheduled to ad-



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two little "bandits." Though no longer a member of Rotary because of change of classification and residence, I am always in it. No other organization has given me so much.

'An Hour for Each Minute'

By A PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR

For obvious reasons I cannot sign my name to this letter, but I am constrained to answer Carl Fearing Schultz in the December ROTARIAN [A Speaker Speaks His Mind] when he complains somewhat bitterly at the treatment he received after speaking to a service club. My experience has been so opposite that it is difficult for me to realize Carl should suffer such disappointment.

After talking to many clubs (I was going to say hundreds, but I will say at least dozens of them), never have I failed to receive my share of thanks from at least 80 percent of those present. Actually (this sounds egotistical I know) the members have waited in line to offer their thanks. This happened as recently as a week ago.

Once I recall I was given a large cake and a bouquet of flowers was tendered, so large that it was with difficulty placed in the rear compartment of my car.

Let me hasten to say that I am not a professional public speaker. But for every minute I speak to any club, I devote an hour to study and preparation. If I cannot spend this time, I will not accept an invitation to speak.

I note Carl says, somewhat petulantly, "The engagement necessitated a good hour's work in brushing up an old address." There's your answer, Carl. You can't fool an audience. They *knew* it was an old speech, brushed up. Really, old fellow, I have a strong suspicion you received the praise you deserved.

Improve It? Show Me!

Hmms W. C. CARNES, Rotarian
Classification: Dentistry
Henryetta, Oklahoma

I notice by the December issue of THE ROTARIAN that you are going to change the thing up a bit. Make it sorter streamlined. You know, I've looked it over for several years now, and been called old-fashioned (like an Oklahoma Republican), but I am still going to like this one until you fellows are sure you have a better one.

"The PlowBoy"

P. S. "The PlowBoy" is a copyright and owned by me.

Play My Game, Too

Suggests A. L. BENBOW, Rotarian
Classification: Coal Retail
Fort Madison, Iowa

Hal Vermes' *The Get the Name Game* [December ROTARIAN] reminded me of my own game. It might be designated "Guess (or Get) His Job Game." You approach an unoffending stranger with

"My name's Joe Blank. What's yours?" He gives it. "Let's see, do you work in a barber shop or are you a salesman, professional man, or banker?" He will generally laugh—that breaks the ice—and he'll probably say, "You sure missed it," or, "You sure guessed it. I'm such-and-such."

Now it's your turn, for he'll ask you what you do for a living, if anything, and you make him guess.

If "they" guess rightly, it won't be much fun, but it will prove you are wearing the "right" garments. And when they guess wrongly, as 99 percent do on me, that's where the kick comes to me. I must be an awful misfit, but it tickles me, and I "aint" hungry.

Kramer . . . Oneonta

By GEORGE W. LYON
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

THE ROTARIAN for November, containing the poem *Thanksgiving*, by my good friend Edgar Daniel Kramer, has been noted. I always enjoy Mr. Kramer's poetry. He has a true appreciation of poetic values, and always gives them fitting expression in his lines.

Another thing that caught my eye was the illustration at the top of page 54, and for a very good reason, too, for Oneonta, New York, was my boyhood home. It is a progressive little city beautifully situated on the headwaters of the Susquehanna, and nestled in the foothills of the Catskills.

'Coca-Cola in Portuguese, Too'

Reports HUNTER BELL, Rotarian
Soft Drinks Sirups Mfg.
Atlanta, Georgia

I was distressed no end to see an inaccurate reference to "Coca-Cola" on page 57 of the November ROTARIAN under Henley C. Hill's lesson in Portuguese. In the last paragraph an attempt was made to translate "Coca-Cola" in Portuguese to read *guaraná*.

"Coca-Cola" is a trade-mark, designating the product of The Coca-Cola Company, and it remains "Coca-Cola" in all languages. It is not a generic term and therefore cannot be translated.

'Males or Drones'

Corrects W. A. DUNCAN, Rotarian
Classification: Surgeon
Russellville, Kentucky

In the third paragraph of my letter on page 54 of the December ROTARIAN appears an error which is evidently typographic. "Males and drones" should have read "males or drones." I doubt not that you will receive a number of letters calling attention to this, which suggests that males and drones are two different kinds of bees, when in fact they are the same.

'Get Rid of the Weeds'

Urges R. E. VERNOR, Publicist
Past District Governor
Chicago, Illinois

Blessings on THE ROTARIAN for the *Whither Vocational Service?* debate [December]. It is high time to put this all-important but neglected lane of Rotary's four-lane highway in condition. Let's get rid of the weeds, the rough



pavement, and the near-zero visibility. Most wars are the result of economic misunderstanding and Vocational Service shoots directly at that target. International understanding will be difficult to achieve without economic understanding as well, and Rotary, being international, has a great opportunity here, I believe.

I agree with Reuel W. Beach that the immediate emphasis should be placed upon employer-employee relationships, at least as far as the United States is concerned, but I also agree with Edward F. McFaddin that we had better let the Second Object alone, for it deals with a comprehensive long-pull, world-wide objective in Rotary, applicable everywhere. If anything is changed, it should be the name of this Service, rather than its objectives. Perhaps something like "Business and Professional Relations Service" would be better. The average Rotarian would then separate it from its present confusion with Vocational Guidance for Youth.

Rotarian McFaddin and I part company on the point of preference for present emphasis on consumer relations. That suggests dancing at the firemen's ball while the building is burning down, for right now is when the iron is hot on industrial relations.

The Committee on Industrial Practices of the National Association of Manufacturers long since produced a fair-practice code embracing these relations, including two or three more that Rotarian McFaddin failed to mention. Six annual conferences have been held at the University of Chicago on industrial relations. Rotary is already on the sidelines watching the parade.

But it is not too late. In 1939, Chicago Rotary promoted its first business-relations conference. Plans are being made now for another one next Spring for our entire District, and once more the major emphasis will be on employer-employee relationships.

I do not share the apprehension of some Rotarians that this subject is "too hot to handle." Our experience here is quite to the contrary.

The mother Club of Rotary now has a practical ten-point program on Vocational Service, covering all the features of the Second Object. What Rotary needs is not a new Object, but a clearer understanding of the present one.

I do not think Rotary should be loaded up with approximately equal representation from labor, as Rotarian Beach suggests. Rotary represents leadership, and, as is the case with other classifications, only executives are eligible for membership. No exception should be made with reference to labor, but qualified labor executives may well be included.

'Rotary More Than a Statement'

Says FRANK A. NEFF, Past Service Governor, Rotary District 177 Sunbury, Pennsylvania

The conviction is inescapable, after reading the pros and cons of *Whither Vocational Service?* as so ably presented by Governor Reuel W. Beach and Past Director Edward F. McFaddin in

the December ROTARIAN, that some of the arguments on both sides of the question might well be molded into something useful for Rotary. . . . Yet one must wonder if the revision or restatement of the Second Object is the answer to our problems.

Is it not a fact that Rotary is infinitely more than a profound statement of aims; that the solid doctrine of service above self goes beyond the confining limitations of phraseology? In other words, a true Rotarian will encourage and foster high ethical standards in business and professions and will contribute his share toward mutual understanding and goodwill between labor and management. Rotary, it seems to me, is far too large an influence to deal with the problem of aiding the individual in making a larger and more valuable contribution to society.

Being of the greatest possible assistance to the individual must always remain the No. 1 objective of Rotary. The extent to which we succeed in that direction will measure the contribution of Rotary to the solution of the myriad problems of the day—issues which can in no sense be enumerated in their entirety.

'Second Object . . . an Opportunity'

Opines JAMES A. PARDEE, Lawyer Governor, Rotary District 105 Susanville, California

At Rotary's Convention in San Francisco in 1938, Past President Almon E. Roth spoke at length on the same subject debated by Rotarians Beach and McFaddin [*Whither Vocational Service?*, December ROTARIAN], as applied to the shipping interests on the Pacific Coast, and after listening to him I became convinced that Rotary has an opportunity to perform a real service for the entire world, and particularly for the United States.

Aside from the war now in progress in Europe, there is nothing so disturbing to the United States and other countries as the strife between capital and labor, which is with us at all times—strife which in the main is attributable to a lack of understanding on the part of both employer and employee.

Rotarians Beach and McFaddin discuss at length the restatement of Rotary's Second Object, but to me this is beside the question, for if there is an opportunity for Rotary to serve society by endeavoring to bring about a better understanding between employer and employee, such can be done without any change in the Second Object or the addition of a Fifth Object.

To my mind the question is so vital and the necessity for some immediate action so urgent that I believe no time should be lost in a prolonged debate over the phraseology of any of the Objects of Rotary.

As District Governor of the 105th District, I have been urging all Clubs which I have visited to give thought to the question and, if possible, bring into their membership men identified with the labor movement.

Finally, I would suggest that all Club

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Secretaries make available to all members the proceedings of the 1938 Convention in order that they may read the address by Rotarian Roth entitled "Men and Ships."

'Leave Wording As Is'

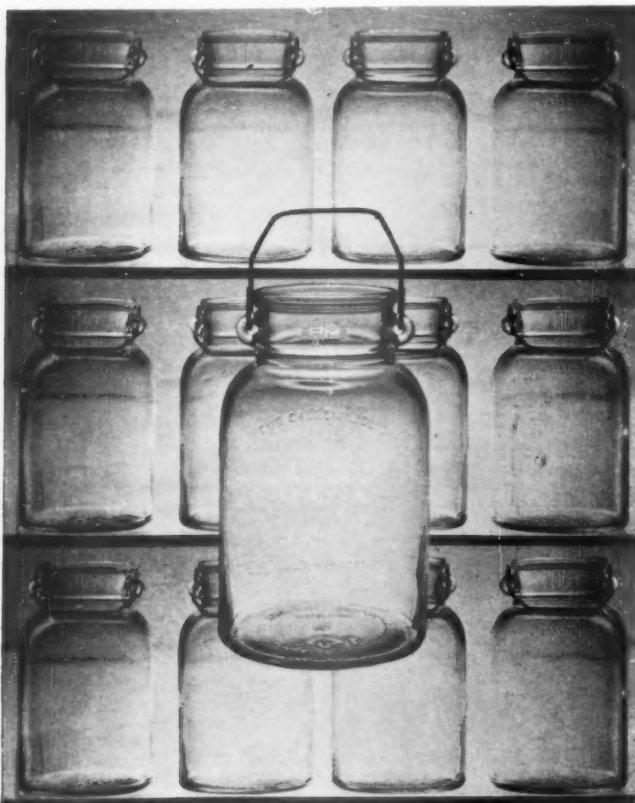
Says O. B. SELLERS, *Distributor*
Past Vice-President, R. I.
Fort Worth, Texas

Both District Governor Reuel W. Beach and Past Director Edward F. McFaddin developed thoughts worthy of recognition, however widely divergent. It would seem to me that one would narrow the program of Vocational Service, while the other would tend to keep it on a broad plane; so, while they dif-

fer in approach, still they are in agreement in principle.

Rotarians have been justly proud of the high principles set forth in the Four Objects; that they could not be attained in a day or a few years has made of them a greater challenge. Converting the world to one form of religion has not been accomplished in 2,000 years, and probably will not reach completion soon; perhaps, too, it is reasonable to assume that the day will never arrive when every Rotarian has fully complied with the broad teachings of our Second Object.

To rewrite an Object to hasten its fulfillment would be likened to shortening a race course to suit a weak challenger.



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Under the Second Object, as now written, Rotary could well stress any number of specific phases of Vocational Service with fine results. The field is broad, the challenge keen. Leave the wording as it is, and select the aspect of Vocational Service you would prefer to achieve, but let us go to work to strive for the ultimate goal, not move it up for an easy journey.

Emphasize As Needed

Suggests S. L. LAND, *Rotarian*
Classification: Education
Buffalo, New York

I do not believe emphasis should be placed upon any one of the five activities of Vocational Service to the exclusion of all others. Each is important, and each is necessary to the satisfactory achievement of all. One supplements the others. I do not believe it is necessary or desirable to revise the Second Object of Rotary. The five major business relationships, which I believe are recognized by Rotarians Beach and McFaddin it seems to me, are included in the Second Object as at present stated.

On the other hand, I do not think that all five activities should necessarily be promoted by the Vocational Service Committee in any one Club at the same time. Local, national, and international conditions at any given period may point to the desirability of placing greater emphasis upon one or the other of these activities, but that can be determined by each group.

This year the Vocational Service Committee of the Rotary Club of Buffalo, in the belief that today employer-employee relationships need to be strengthened, and in the further belief that the foundation of better employer-employee relationships can best be firmly established by wiser choice of lifework by young people, is organizing a very comprehensive vocational-guidance service directed to the youth of our city and western New York and aimed at providing by means of the radio, school-assembly talks, occupational-information bulletins, and guidance interviews, reliable factual information which we hope will result in wiser choice of lifework on the part of our young people.

A bulletin of information giving details concerning our program will be sent to interested readers.

'Waverly Eyes Fort Wayne'

Reports L. G. MOELLER, *Rotarian*
Classification: Newspaper Publ'g
Waverly, Iowa

Karl Detzer's article on Fort Wayne's low-income housing [*Fort Wayne's 49 Families*, November ROTARIAN] is already bearing Community Service fruit. It provided a text for Rotarian Guy VanDerveer, president of Waverly Homes, Inc., local home-building organization, in a "what we ought to do" talk at the annual stockholders' meeting. In fact, Guy read from the article and passed it around so the group could see it. The result: the directors were authorized to investigate the possibility of erecting one or more such homes during the forthcoming year.

OPINION

'All Can Sponsor New Rotarians'

CHASE IDOL, *Rotarian*
Classification: Banking
High Point, North Carolina

Not all Clubs can sponsor new Rotary Clubs. But all Clubs can sponsor *new Rotarians!* What we need everywhere is a realization of the true goal of Club membership—namely, that every Club should have in its membership, as far as possible, a worthy representative of every recognized business and profession in the community.

'Peace . . . Must Come from Within'

H. F. MENGDEN, *Rotarian*
Classification: Lime and Rock
Houston, Texas

Peace—the tranquillity of order—is individualistic. It can never be forced upon another. It can never be implanted in another from without. It must come from within.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

'Are We Honest Enough?'

V. S. TUPPER, *Rotarian*
Classification: Flour Mills
Nashville, Tennessee

How big is our community? Is it big enough to enable us to think of other

Pithy bits gleaned from talks, from letters, from Rotary Club and other Rotary Publications.

nations as neighbors, not as foreigners; to dispense with prejudices and hatreds; to discard all self-righteousness; and to cast aside any holier-than-thou attitude? Are we honest enough to scan *ourselves* before criticizing those whose habits, customs, and traditions cause them to stress other facets of the many-sided truth than those we are prone to emphasize?—*From a Rotary Club address.*

'Fellowship and Service Inseparable'

SIR ROBERT GARRAN, *Rotarian*
Classification: Judiciary
Canberra, Australia

The philosophy of Rotary is a practical philosophy for the ordinary man, and can be summed up in two common words, of which all know the meaning—fellowship, and service. Not fellowship alone, not a mere outward show of heartiness and good nature—not service alone, in an aloof and impersonal way; but fellowship based on real fellow-feeling, which leads naturally to service, not just from a cold stern sense of duty, but from the promptings of the heart. Fellowship is the spirit that animates the service; service is the action that expresses the fellowship. The two are inseparable.—*From an address.*

Portuguese Lesson No. 6 Information

By Henley C. Hill

Note: Practical suggestions on Portuguese pronunciation were given in Portuguese Lesson No. 1 in the September ROTARIAN, the first in a series of nine prepared by Mr. Hill. The vowels are pronounced as follows: *a*—ah—as in *father*; *e*—eh—as in *fit*; *é*—eh—as in *Ella*; *i*—ee—as in *police*; *o*—oh—as in *over*; *ô*—aw—as in *awful*; *u*—oo—as in *moon*; *y*—ee—as in *body*.—Eds.

Money—The Brazilian unit of currency is the *milreis*, written thus: \$1000 (*um mil réis—oom meel reh'-ees*). The approximate value of one milreis is 5 cents United States currency.

The milreis is subdivided into ten parts. The smallest coin in circulation is the tenth part of one milreis, written thus: \$100 (*cem réis—cehm reh'-ees*). This coin is also called *um tostão* (*oom tohs-tão*), which means "a penny."

There are coins of the following values:

- \$100 *cem réis* (*cehm reh'-ees*)
- \$200 *duzentos réis* (*doo-zehn'-tohs reh'-ees*)
- \$400 *quatro centos réis* (*kwhahr'-troh cehn'-tohs reh'-ees*)
- \$500 *quinhentos réis* (*keeh'-nyehn'-tohs reh'-ees*)
- \$1000 *um mil réis* (*oom meel reh'-ees*)
- \$2000 *dois mil réis* (*doh'-ees meel reh'-ees*)

Paper money starts at \$1000.

One thousand milreis equals one *conto* (*cohn'-toh*), written thus: 1:000\$000. One conto is worth about \$50 United States currency.

Days of the Week

Sunday *domingo* *doh-meen'-goh*

| | | |
|-----------|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| Monday | <i>segunda-feira</i> | <i>seh-noon'-dah jay'-rah</i> |
| Tuesday | <i>terça-feira</i> | <i>tehr'-sah jay'-rah</i> |
| Wednesday | <i>quarta-feira</i> | <i>kwhahr'-tah jay'-rah</i> |
| Thursday | <i>quinta-feira</i> | <i>keen'-tah jay'-rah</i> |
| Friday | <i>sexta-feira</i> | <i>seh'-tah jay'-rah</i> |
| Saturday | <i>sábado</i> | <i>sah'-bah-doh</i> |

Cardinal Numbers:

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 1—um (fem. uma) | <i>oom, oo'-mah</i> |
| 2—dois (fem. duas) | <i>doh'-ees, doo'-ahs</i> |
| 3—tres | <i>trays</i> |
| 4—quatro | <i>kwhahr'-troh</i> |
| 5—cinco | <i>cehn'-coh</i> |
| 6—seis | <i>say-s</i> |
| 7—sete | <i>seh'-teh</i> |
| 8—oito | <i>oy'-toh</i> |
| 9—nove | <i>naw'-veh</i> |
| 10—dez | <i>dehs</i> |

On calling a telephone number, the digit "6" is called *meia duzia* (*may'-ah doo'-zee-ah*) to distinguish it from "3."

Ordinal Numbers:

| | |
|--------------|----------------------|
| 1st—primeiro | <i>pree-may'-roh</i> |
| 2d—segundo | <i>seh-noon'-doh</i> |
| 3d—terceiro | <i>tehr-say'-roh</i> |
| 4th—quarto | <i>kwhahr'-toh</i> |
| 5th—quinto | <i>keen'-toh</i> |
| 6th—sexto | <i>sehs'-toh</i> |
| 7th— sétimo | <i>seh'-tee-moh</i> |
| 8th—oitavo | <i>oy-tah'-voh</i> |
| 9th—nono | <i>noh'-noh</i> |
| 10th—décimo | <i>deh'-see-moh</i> |

The feminine is formed by changing the final "o" to "a."



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Stripped Gears



"No, ma'am, we are not playing air raids—we're sending him for ice cream."

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to: Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. To President Walter D. Head goes the honor of starting this department (gratis!) with a story which he declares is a true one.

A year ago last Summer, a country club in a certain Pennsylvania town decided to close the season with a dinner-dance. To do the thing up right, they sought a more competent cook than the one they had, and appealed to the proprietor of a local hotel, known as the Casey House. He was to cooperate and would lend them his chief cook, a Frenchman named Napoleon. Napoleon was a very good cook, but could hardly speak English. The country club sent a member who could speak French to explain things to the chef. A fat tip was mentioned and Napoleon said, "Oui, oui!"

On the evening of the dinner-dance, Napoleon, to be sure everything would go right, took three of his best knives, sharpened them, and put them in his inside coat pocket. Then, being a thrifty

Frenchman, instead of taking a taxi he took a bus. He got off at the door of a large building that looked like the club. But as it happened, it was not the club, but a hospital for the insane,

next door to the club. When the doorman asked the chef what he wanted, he could only say that he was Napoleon. Well, of course, the doorman, who did not understand French, but caught the

name "Napoleon," said to come right in as they had two or three Napoleons, also a Benjamin Franklin and a Jesus Christ. The harder Napoleon tried to explain, the more excited he got, and the more excited he got, the worse it was for him. Finally, attendants searched him, found the three knives—and all but Napoleon were convinced society had been saved from a violent maniac.

Meanwhile, all was not well at the club. No chef, no dinner! The Casey House proprietor was sure Napoleon had left for the club. They searched for him frantically. Teletype messages were sent out by the police, asking everyone to be on the lookout for a Frenchman named Napoleon, probably kidnapped.

All this time, poor Napoleon raved and raved in his padded cell. Finally his keeper (probably having got wind of the search for a missing Frenchman) decided to send for someone who could understand French. His consternation was tremendous when he learned that Napoleon was the French chef sought by the proprietor of the Casey House, the country clubbers, and the police. Then the wheels of fate and State moved rapidly. Napoleon was returned to the Casey House with many apologies—and, let me hope, the fat tip!

REFLECTIONS

A man, a maid, an hour to pass
Secluded from the mass,
A fag, a laugh, a demitasse
Reflected in the glass.

And eyes that gaze on mirrored eyes,
And smiles that flash reply,
And Youth has won another prize
Or else reflections lie.

—Arthur Melville

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him
that hears it—never in the tongue of
him that makes it.—William Shakespeare.

Ugly Remarks

"I'm going to shoot you."
"Why?"

"I've said I'm going to shoot anybody
who looks like me."

"Do I look like you?"

"You do."

"Shoot!" — The Pagoda, SHANGHAI,
CHINA.

The Reticent Caledonian

Lady (to new housemaid engaged by letter): "Why didn't you tell me when you wrote answering my questions so fully, that you were Scotch, Mary?"

Mary: "I didna like to be boasting, ma'am."—Rotary Wheel-Barrow, SANTA ANNA, CALIFORNIA.





CUSTOMS EXAMINATION

"What have you in there?"
 "Some tins of sardines."
 "Good—open them."

Moving Picture

"Lady," said the beggar, "could you give me a quarter to get where my family is?"

"Certainly, my poor man, here's a quarter. Where is your family?"

"At the movies."—*Rotary Balita, MANILA, THE PHILIPPINES.*

Ended Well

"How was your speech received last night?"

"Well, when I sat down, they said it was the best thing that I ever did."—*Rotary Whizz, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA.*

Expert

Judge: "Madam, do you understand the nature of an oath?"

Witness: "Well, my husband is a golfer and my son drives a secondhand flivver." — *Rotary Propellor, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.*

Fast Generation

The young man grasped the handrail of the last car and swung himself up to the rear platform, gasping for breath. A bronzed, heavy-set, middle-aged man eyed him with disfavor.

"When I was your age, young man,"

"Keep an eye on the instruments—this guy's a professional sword swallower."



he remarked, "I could sprint down the station walk and catch a train without puffing like that."

"Yes," the winded one replied, "but I . . . missed this one . . . at the . . . last station."—*The Sprocket, BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS.*

Couldn't Get Started

Two old settlers sat smoking in a cabin far away in the backwoods. The conversation drifted from politics to cooking, and one of the confirmed bachelors said:

"I got one o' them there cookery books once, but I never could do nothin' with it."

"Too much fancy work about it?" asked the other.

"You've hit it. Every one o' them recipes began in the same way: 'Take a clean dish'—and that settled me at once."—*The Steering Wheel, ELKTON, MARYLAND.*

Upsetting

Gert: "Poor man! He suffers from matrimonial dyspepsia."

Myrt: "What's that?"

Gert: "Oh, his wife doesn't agree with him."—*The Lubricator, WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.*

Happy Time?

Son: "Say, Dad, what does it mean when the papers say some man goes to a convention as a delegate at large?"

Dad: "Well, Son, I guess it means his wife doesn't go with him."—*The Pinion, KEOKUK, IOWA.*

Logical

"Know anything about cars?"

"Been mixed up with 'em a bit."

"Mechanic?"

"No, pedestrian."—*The Pot Echo, MILTON, PENNSYLVANIA.*

Mistaken

"Here, waiter!" exploded the diner.

"There's a fly in my soup!"

"Ah-h-h-h," said the waiter, examining the soup, "M'sieur ees mistaken; zat in ze soup ees not a fly: it ees a vitamin bee!"—*The Howling Ute, PRICE, UTAH.*

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Josephine Halpin

KMOX - CBS
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Do school libraries in your community receive THE ROTARIAN? Students find it useful for reference purposes. Many Rotary Clubs subscribe for local schools.

R_x for INSOMNIA . . . Go to Sleep!

WHEN old Rip Van Winkle established his nonstop record in New York's first sleepathon, sleep had not been reduced to a formula. Psychologists had not written books to vanquish insomnia. Sleep shops had not invented devices to induce slumber. Later when Napoleon could sleep in his saddle and Lincoln could nap anywhere, men had yet to invent noises which today murder "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." However, modern life has made getting to sleep an obstacle race, a fact which ROTARIAN CHARLES NEWTON HOOD, of Medina, N. Y., recognizes in submitting insomnia remedies he has collected as a hobby. He writes of it here.

Sleeping is neither an art nor a science; it is an inalienable necessity. Men can get along without rubbers and toothpicks, without golf and gold, but deny them sleep, and what have you? Well, you know the answer as well as I. Now I often have been told how to sleep by sleepologists. Of course I lie down, I close my eyes, I relax my muscles, but do I sleep? I'm not even



drowsy and my mind leaps from one thought to another with an agility that would surprise Tarzan himself.

Try reading myself to sleep? Not I. If I start a mystery story, I can't stop until I've finished it.

Drink hot milk, celery broth, or fruit juice, someone else suggests. When I have several cups of black coffee, some onion sandwiches, and a bit of limburger cached inside, I think that's my limit. I'll not even take a chance with a sleeping potion; barbituric drugs, they tell me, are more harmful than some folks think.

"Oh, how sleepy I am!" I exclaim to myself over and over again, but all the time thoughts are racing back and forth like youngsters on vacation.

So then I start to count. Sheep? Heaven forbid! They lack personality, and, besides, I'm never quite sure

whether I have them hurdling the right kind of a fence. Instead I count bathing beauties doing swan dives into a marble-lined pool. But it becomes monotonous. So I'm still awake.

But of all the many, many systems I have tried, the alphabetical system is



the best one for me. It is simply an adaptation of the dry-sermon neutralizer. One listens until the preacher mentions a word beginning with "a," waits for one beginning with "b," and so on, omitting "x" and then repeating.

In case you have never tried this scheme before, begin with simple words like "and," "but," "can," "does," and so on. If sleep doesn't come, try words like "anthracite," "bedizen," "concentrate," "dependability," and the like.

The variations of this system are almost limitless. I've tried countries of the world, cities of the United States, characters in literature, and heroes in mythology. Usually I name the cities and villages within 100 miles, and before I get halfway through the alphabet I'm sawing wood. I've collected autographs, marbles, stamps, and other things, but collecting insomnia remedies puts me to sleep better than anything I know. Among amateurs, what is your favorite method?

What's Your Hobby?

Whatever it is, it and your name should be listed here. That's one way THE GROOM can help introduce you to other Rotarians and their families with a similar hobby. They'll no doubt get in touch with you.

Stamps: John D. Kern (wishes to exchange used precancel United States stamps for those of Southern, Central, and Western States), 110 S. Alabama Ave., Martinsburg, W. Va., U.S.A.

Match Covers: Paul H. Kern (son of Rotarian—wishes to exchange paper match covers), 110 S. Alabama Ave., Martinsburg, W. Va., U.S.A.

Rotarians' Neckties: C. Frank Dunn (would like to collect a necktie from every Rotary country outside the United States), Phoenix Hotel, Lexington, Ky., U.S.A.

Stamps: A. W. Summers (will exchange stamps with Rotarians anywhere), Eldorado, Ill., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM





The Program Builder

WHAT DO HISTORY BOOKS SAY?

An examination of textbooks and other sources from which youth receives impressions of other peoples and countries.

International Service

Propaganda for Goose and Gander. Clyde R. Miller. Sept., 1938.

OTHER MAGAZINES:

The Standard of International History. H. Hall. *Contemporary Review*. Nov., 1939.

Propaganda: An Explosive Word Analyzed. Allan Nevins. *The New York Times Magazine*. Oct. 29, 1939.

What Do We Teach about the Negro? *National Education Association Journal*. Jan., 1939.

Do Schoolbooks Tell the Truth? Nathan Schachner. *American Mercury*. Dec., 1938.

Should Schoolbooks Be Censored? *School and Society*. Sept. 24, 1938.

The Poison Called History. H. G. Wells. *Survey Graphic*. June, 1938.

Revision of Textbooks to Avoid International Misunderstanding. Bernice D. Gestle. *School and Society*. Dec. 4, 1937.

Cultural Barometer. V. F. Calverton. *Current History*. Sept., 1937.

BOOKS:

The Modern Historian. Charles Harold Williams. Nelson. 1939. \$3. Quotations from leading historians showing that the search for truth is not a simple problem.

School Histories at War. Arthur Clarence Walworth. Harvard University Press. 1939. \$1.25. Designed to train the reader to detect propaganda, it illustrates the different interpretations placed on events by school histories of various nations.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
What Do the History Books Say? No. 749.

FOR PEOPLE WHO INFLUENCE PEOPLE ("The Rotarian" Week)

A talk (or several short talks) on the rôle of Rotary's official magazine in telling the Rotary story to Rotarians and non-Rotarians.

Re: Our Own Rotary Press. July, 1937. **Our Magazine—Then and Now.** Chesley R. Perry. Jan., 1936.

A set of material designed to be helpful in preparing a program on the magazine will be sent on request to THE ROTARIAN, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

◀Jan., 2nd Meeting

FROM THE ROTARIAN:
Why Historians Get Headaches. James Truslow Adams. This issue, page 12.

If You Would Detect Propaganda— Clyde R. Miller. Dec., 1939.

A Plea for Facts. Howard Burnett. Our Readers' Open Forum. July, 1939.

WHAT ARE WE DOING IN VOCATIONAL SERVICE?—A PERSONAL CHECKUP

Through various business or professional relationships, we may render Vocational Service. Are we doing it? Occasional personal examinations are desirable.

Vocational Service

◀Jan., 5th Meeting

FROM THE ROTARIAN:
Has Business Lost Interest? Channing Pollock. This issue, page 15.

Talking It Over in this issue contains a number of reader comments on Vocational Service.

Whither Vocational Service? (debate). **Industrial Relations Are Our Opportunity!** Reuel W. Beach. **Let's Concentrate Now on Competitor Relationship.** Edward F. McFaddin. Dec., 1939.

Beyond Law's Frontiers. Pope F. Brock. Nov., 1939.

Gentleman's Code. William F. McDermott. Nov., 1939.

Rotary's 'Stepchild.' Editorial. Sept., 1939.

Society and the Enterpriser. Lew Zikman. Aug., 1939.

As the Boss Sees You. William Moulton Marston. July, 1939.

A Challenge to Management. Samuel N. Stevens. July, 1939.

Business, Cleanse Thyself! H. I. Crawford. Apr., 1939.

OTHER MAGAZINES:

Private Virtue—Public Good. H. M. Robinson. *The Reader's Digest*. Mar., 1938.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
What Are We Doing in Vocational Service?—A Personal Checkup. No. 538.
Vocational Service Score Card. No. 536.
Hebdomadal Questions. No. 506A.

MAKING VISITORS FEEL AT HOME

Visiting Rotarians and guests should feel at home at any Rotary Club meeting. Is your Club's hospitality what it might be?

Club Service

◀Feb., 1st Meeting

FROM THE ROTARIAN:
A Speaker Speaks His Mind. Carl F. Schultz. Dec., 1939. (See letter this issue, page 56.)

Check Your 'Armor' at the Door. Robert E. Crump. Aug., 1939.

The Gentle Art of Questioning. Farnsworth Crowder. June, 1939.

Unlimbering the Elbow. Editorial. June, 1939.

Passport to Friendship. Editorial. Nov., 1938.

Friends—Alien and Countrymen. Henry Albert Phillips. Feb., 1938.

I Like Americans. Thomas Burke. Aug., 1935.

Case Studies in Courtesy. Editorial. June, 1935.

PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS:

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Making Visitors Feel at Home. No. 367.
The Rotary Club and Its Guests. No. 369.

Visiting Rotarians Find a Welcome. No. 370.

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Last Page Comment

THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE route, we learn a story which President Walter D. Head might well have offered in the competition announced on page 60. Returning from one of his frequent and arduous speaking tours, he found his family lined up at the front door of his home. Even the cat was there. With a flourish, Mrs. Head put in his hands an attractive leather-bound book. "What's this?" faltered President Walter. "Oh," she said, "we just wanted you to sign our guest book before you leave!"

TWO QUOTATIONS:

The first is from a letter by "Billy" Phelps to the New York Rotary Club's *Spokes*: "Even in these present times, I believe that eventually the influence of Rotary will be effective in the direction of world peace and civilization." Now, this from *The Rotary Wheel*, published in London: "We begin to find that it is not the letter but the spirit that giveth life. Far from people wanting to shed their Rotary life in wartime as a thing superfluous, we find, on the contrary, that a couple of Clubs which used to meet fortnightly have decided to meet weekly. To think of that! We have begged and prayed and cajoled for years, to no effect. It has taken a war to do it; and a war has done it!"

IN MULTITUDINOUS WAYS war is affecting Rotary. What is happening to once-thriving Clubs in regions now overrun by war's horror is, for the most part, unknown. But evidence accumulates in increasing volume that wherever Clubs in countries now at war can continue, they are doing so with renewed appreciation of the benefits of fellowship under the aegis of Rotary. The quotation from *The Rotary Wheel* in the item above is typical of many statements appearing in Club publications. Rotary, as C. Harold Trolle observes in this month's guest editorial, *must* carry on—not just to preserve life in an institution somebody has started,

but because, as never before, the world needs men who think in terms of Rotary idealism.

WHAT EFFECT WAR

will have on Rotary as an organization remains to be seen. Meanwhile, many problems arise to vex and to give cause for thought to the Board of Directors. One such came before the Executive Committee of the Board recently. What, it was asked, should be done for Clubs that desired to retain members who have been called into Government service of such a nature as to prevent attending their own or other Rotary meetings? The Committee, after thoughtful consideration, decided that it will offer no opposition to such Clubs electing such men to temporary honorary membership, keeping their classifications open until they can return to active membership. . . . That problem was a relatively simple one. Many another more knotty will face the Board at its January meeting.

HOW TO SPEAK A WORD

of comfort to a bereaved friend is a problem all men sometime face. The most fitting of all such expressions we have yet heard came from a Rotarian who, a few years ago, lost a son. To a Rotarian friend recently likewise bereaved he wrote: "Yes, I know from experience the load of grief you carry. . . . You recall how I love flowers. Last Summer my beds bloomed in profusion. We picked flowers every day, and sent great bouquets to our friends and to hospital sickbeds. Still there was an abundance for our home. Then came the frost. But now, Harry, when we think of those flowers, we don't remember the frost. We remember their loveliness—and the happy hearts that they made."

WE WOULD NOMINATE

as outstanding candidate for a tin-plated loving cup to be awarded the Rotarian having the "uniquet" hobby, Dr. W. C. Carnes, of Hen-

ryetta, Oklahoma. He "collects names and addresses and businesses of Rotarians and others born in log cabins." And, while musing about hobbies, the thought hobbles in that schools might devise even better techniques to encourage boys and girls to cultivate hobbies. Is it unreasonable that in the art of living, mastery of a hobbyhorse is less important than, say, a Latin pony? A few days ago, while on a train, we sat beside a doctor, just returned from his 18th vacation spent taking photographs in Zion National Park. "Don't you get a bit tired, going to the same place year after year?" we asked, making conversation. The man's eyes took on a far-away look. "I've never thought of that. For 18 years I've been taking pictures of the same vistas and of the same objects in different lights. I am still trying to do justice to what I see."

THIS MONTH,

as you have observed, your magazine has been restyled typographically. A number of old features have been altered, new ones added. These changes are a result of several hundred personal interviews with Rotarians in scores of Clubs made by your editors, interviews in which a scientific attempt was made to learn how Rotary's official magazine could more interestingly, and therefore more effectively, interpret Rotary to its members and the growing list of non-Rotarians who read it. How readers' preferences dictated these alterations and additions is told elsewhere in these pages by Clinton F. Karstaedt, Chairman of the Magazine Committee. To you who have aided by your time and counsel, a sincere *Thank you!*

NEXT MONTH

Rotary has a birthday. On these pages will be presented a Rotary historical scrapbook, a message from Paul P. Harris, Founder of Rotary, and many another feature and article which, it is hoped, will charm your eye and start new ideas incubating.

—Your Editors

